MARIA SANFORD

Maria L. Sanford

"The best known and best loved woman in Minnesota"

23-27101

MARIA SANFORD

BY

HELEN WHITNEY

Formerly Assistant Professor of Rhetoric
at the University of Minnesota

MINNEAPOLIS
Published by the University of Minnesota
1922

LD3346
.S3W5

LIBR
RECEIVED
APR 5 1923
DOCUMENTS DIVISION

DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

PREFACE

No other Minnesota woman has been so widely known and so universally loved as Maria Sanford. Her life was filled with self sacrificing labor for others, and with earnest endeavor to forward every good cause. She was constantly communicating, through her own vigorous personality, a zealous enthusiasm for education, for character-building, and for civic righteousness to all young people with whom she came in contact.

A great throng of those whom she has inspired will welcome a biography that will pass on to other young people a portion of her glowing spirit.

This story of her life has been written by one who was closely associated with Miss Sanford in the State University. The autobiography which was already begun, has been incorporated and much material has been furnished by friends and relatives.

The Regents of the University have encouraged the publication by personal assistance and have permitted the volume to be issued by the University Press.

The Alumni Association has appointed a special committee to further its wide distribution and sale. All proceeds are to be used for a Memorial for Miss Sanford.

The plan for the autobiography as well as the biography was conceived and has been successfully carried through by Mrs. David F. Simpson. Special thanks for accumulating material are due to Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Frederick Kenaston of Minneapolis, to Mrs. Frederic Tryon of Washington, to Miss Helen Wilder of Philadelphia, to the Minneapolis Journal for permission to reprint the copyrighted autobiography and to Mr. G. A. Hubner for permission to use the copyrighted frontispiece.

Assistance in revision and correction of manuscript has been rendered by Miss Elizabeth Lynskey and Mrs. Simpson. To all of these as well as to the author it has been a labor of love.

ALUMNI COMMITTEE.

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
I.	The Unfinished Autobiography	1
II.	A Connecticut Yankee	44
III.	The Teacher	68
IV.	The Minnesota Pioneer	110
V.	Christian's Burden	132
VI.	The Neighbor	156
VII.	The End of the Teacher's Road	184
VIII.	"General Helping"	218
IX.	Harvest	260
X.	The Farewell	301

MARIA SANFORD

CHAPTER I

THE UNFINISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I come of good, strong New England stock. My ancestors were among the first settlers of the town where I was born, Saybrook, Connecticut, called later, since the town was divided, Old Saybrook. Saybrook was named for Lord Seal and Lord Brooke of the London Company, who were sending over settlers to the New World. Lord Fenwick came with the first settlers to Saybrook, bringing his young bride, who, after about a year, succumbed to the hardships of the new country. Her Elizabethan tomb, which her stricken husband brought over and set up over her grave beside the fort, was one of the most marked antiquities of old Connecticut, but it had to give way to the necessities of commerce. When the Valley road was built it needed a terminal outside the bar at the

mouth of the Connecticut River, and Lady Fenwick's tomb and her remains were removed to the cemetery. My cousin, a physician, superintended the removal, and he found her skeleton entire except the flange of one toe. And the inner coil of her chestnut hair was still lustrous after about two hundred years in the grave. As Saybrook was situated at the mouth of the Connecticut River, the settlers thought it would be a city, and laid out the main street sixteen rods wide and two miles long, with a double row of elms shading the walk on each side of the roadway; a magnificent street still. So bravely our Puritan ancestors built for the future.

Yale College was first located at Saybrook, under the name of the Connecticut Colleague School. But in 1716 it had been found that the bar at the mouth of the river would hinder commerce; and New Haven, with its unobstructed harbor, was outgrowing Saybrook, and the college was removed to that city and named Yale College for a benevolent donor, Elihu Yale.

My father's mother was Elizabeth Chapman. Her great grandfather, George Chapman, erected, about 1650, the first frame house in Saybrook. This structure, about twenty feet square, was so well built that it formed still the

summer kitchen of the house in which I lived from my sixth to my eleventh year. George Chapman bought his wife, Annie Bliss, from off ship when the London Company "sent over chaste young women to be wives of the planters", who paid the passage of the girls and married them. This Annie Bliss became the mother of a notable race. Those whom I remember were tall, straight, fine looking, intelligent men with more of individuality and initiative than are given to most people. I was told, as a child, that my ancestors in two lands, the Chapmans on my father's side and the Clarks on my mother's for three generations went up to the general court (legislature) together when the people sent their best men.

My mother's father, Rufus Clark, enlisted in the Revolutionary army at seventeen years of age, and this gives me my membership in the D. A. R. He became a man much trusted and esteemed, was made deacon of the church and justice of the peace, and, I might say,. general counsellor. He was a great reader and had quite a library of his own, in those days when the Bible and the almanac were considered sufficient for everybody but the minister and the doctor; and he read all the books he could borrow.

I had leaves of an old account book of my grandfather's, and this is the way they read: One gallon of rum, one gallon of molasses, one pound of ginger, one gallon of rum, five pounds of sugar, one pound of saleratus, one gallon of rum. About every third item a gallon of rum, and this a deacon and a justice! Everybody drank in those days, and treated the help in the field and the minister when he came to call. My grandfather read of the temperance movement in England before it was started in this country; and convinced of its importance, banished liquor from his household and took coffee instead to his laborers in the field. When some years after, the temperance movement was started in Connecticut, the workers, who were told of his practice, came to get my grandfather to sign the pledge. He told them he was heartily in sympathy with temperance and practiced it, but did not like to sign a pledge. They were disappointed, of course. The next day he was down street, and the temperance workers were laboring with a man who was ruining himself and his family by drink.

"I think jest ez Deacon Clark does", he said, "I ken leave off, but I don't want to sign."

"Where's your paper?" asked my grand-

father, and gave them his name. He didn't want such hangers-on to his skirts.

My mother's mother, Lydia Bushnell Clark, was a very handsome woman, with beautiful soft brown hair, sparkling bright eyes, clear complexion and full red lips. Her husband, my grandfather, was almost as homely as his wife was handsome. My mother told me that when she was a girl of sixteen, the youngest of five children, an old suitor of my grandmother, who had been twenty-five years out West (eastern Ohio) came to visit his old friends. She said that she was aware, as she was sitting by the fireplace, that he was looking at her very earnestly. Finally he said: "You don't look much like your mother." She said she knew how to take the compliment. If she didn't "handsome much" somebody had bequeathed her a wonderful voice and a sweetness of disposition far richer than mere beauty. She sang soprano, and her voice was full, rich and clear. She would take the high tenor and carry it with perfect ease and accuracy. But it was not so much the range of her voice as its quality, what the elocutionists call its "timbre", that was remarkable. It just took hold of your heart-strings.

My uncle, her brother, William Clark, was

six years her elder. He was a school teacher, and I used to tell my little companions with pride that I had an uncle who had taught school forty years. I little thought that I myself should teach fifty-four years. In those early days teachers had to be severe to be successful, and my uncle was a very successful teacher. My mother went to school to him, and he was so much afraid of being considered partial to her that he was so strict (nobody could be severe with her), that she called him "Mr. Clark" at home. He told me, after mother's death, that when they used to go out into company together he was very proud of her, for everybody loved her so. But she always obeyed him as if he had been her father. Once they were invited to a party given to the congressman of that district, who lived in an adjoining town. There was a popular song at that time which my mother did not like; she thought it silly. She was urged to sing it at the party, but declined. When she was still urged, Uncle William said, "Sing it, Mary", and she did. When she was through, the congressman said, much to her delight, "I have heard better songs, but never a sweeter singer."

My father, Henry E. Sanford, was like the Chapmans, tall and straight, six feet in his

stockings. His characteristics were strength, courage, energy and skill, and a good cheer which no misfortune could crush. He had wonderfully intelligent hands. He never wasted a minute. He learned the shoemaker's trade and worked at it, giving his wages to his father, as was customary, until he was twenty-one. Then he worked for himself, and by the time he was twenty-five he had laid up enough to warrant his marrying. And he won a prize. The marriage was an ideal one. My mother and father were so proud of each other, so ambitious, and looked to the future with such confidence and hope! I love to imagine those early prosperous years, when my father bought and paid for the comfort of a little house, which my mother's neatness and good taste, and their mutual affection, made a beautiful home.

But their love was not dependent on good fortune. In the darker years that followed, when loss and hardship came, there was never a flaw in their trust and devotion. Until the final parting, my mother always looked to my father for courage and wise direction, and he to her for inspiration and that graciousness which a strong man gains from a loving woman of refinement and delicacy. There was never any bickering between them. I remember all too

well their very humble surroundings, their hard toil, their careful economy, but I do not remember—and I certainly should had it occurred, for I remember that when my father put up a stove-pipe we children kept out of his way—I do not remember a single sharp or unkind word, but always the gentle tone and the glance of love and sympathy.

I recall that when I was a very little girl father came home one night from his work. I do not know why this incident should be stamped on my memory except

> "Set by some mordant of fancy
> It insists on its right to be there."

My father leaned over my mother's shoulders and said tenderly, "Been ironing today, Mary?" (ironing was always hard for her) and kissed her. And the radiant smile that lighted up her face obliterated all signs of care and weariness.

My father never felt it a hardship to go out of his way to do the little delicate things that pleased mother. His hours of labor were long and hard, but he never sat down to the table in his shirtsleeves, and when he was running a farm, I think he would have gone without a meal any time rather than sit down to the table

without changing to his slippers, because he knew mother noticed and disliked the odors of the barnyard and stable.

They each loved to do what the other liked; and the same spirit extended to us children and to neighbors and friends. My father and mother were both deeply religious but never bigoted. Father was superintendent of the Sunday school and leader of the choir and always the minister's right hand man.

My parents were poor, but there was no sordidness in their poverty. I never heard my father plead poverty when the contribution box was going round. There was a bright, genial hospitality in their home. My mother was an excellent cook and could make the plainest and simplest food attractive, and kinsfolk and strangers loved to visit them; and distinguished guests, usually lovers of music, who sometimes came, not only said but showed that they wanted to come again.

Is it strange that having come from such a home, I believe with almost the enthusiasm of a zealot in the happiness and beauty of the homes of the poor? Those so-called homes where squalor and vice and disease and degradation thrive, will, I believe, be abolished by social progress; but in the homes of self-re-

specting, hard working poverty, there may and should be as much refinement and courtesy and tender love as in a palace. I believe we should bring up our boys and girls to expect to make such homes, and to prepare for them by tender care of their mothers and sisters at home, and to save the time and money they spend at the movies in preparing themselves to enjoy and make others enjoy music and books and pictures that give delight to the home. And I want our young couples to feel that a single room, with a bed in the wall, and a kitchen in a closet, and a bathtub under the table, a place from which they are obliged to go out every night for entertainment, is not the nucleus of a true home; that the plainest house in the suburbs, where there can be trees and flowers and children, where there will be burdens and duties and simple hospitality, is far better for the present and infinitely superior for the future happy home. But I am getting ahead of and away from my story.

Some time in the first seven years of his married life, my father went to Georgia and set up a shoe store, and he was successful. But the years of 1836 and 1837 were not only years of financial panic, but also of anti-slavery agitation and of great prejudice in the

South against Northern people. Somebody sent my father anti-slavery newspapers. He never saw them. They were taken out of his office and distributed among his customers. All at once his business fell flat. He could sell nothing, he could collect nothing, for even in the best days Southerners, at that time, paid their bills only once a year. He came home to do the best he could by his business creditors. He sold the place he and my mother loved so well, moved his family into part of his father's house, and when he had thus raised all that he could, there still remained a debt of a thousand dollars, for which he gave his note; and of which, I rejoice to say, he paid every cent. It was a heavy burden for a man with only his hands and courage, and with a delicate wife and little children to care for, but he bore it with unwavering cheerfulness. He might have taken advantage of the bankrupt law, but he said proudly: "No man shall ever look me in the face and say I wronged him out of a penny." My mother was in perfect accord with this course, but it was very hard on her. My grandfather's house was not fitted for two families. My father's mother had died years before; and the stepmother who took her place, though

kindly at heart, was a little sharp with her tongue, and mother was always sensitive lest she should infringe on others' rights and privileges. And with little children it was not always easy to be sure. It was just three months before my birth that, when the last things were placed on the load, my mother bade farewell to the home of so much happiness, and with her two little girls walked up to my grandfather's house. A prominent man of the town met her on the way. He said to his wife when he got home, "I hope I may never see another woman look as Mary Clark looked today," calling her by her maiden name, which they all knew and loved.

In my young womanhood I was subject to deep depression, and my mother said to me: "It is no wonder to me, when I recall how I suffered in the months before you were born." Fortunately for me my father's spirit triumphed in me. I outlived the days of darkness and have been able, until bowed by the weight of years, like my father to square my shoulders to heavy burdens, and not only stand erect but keep a cheerful spirit. But I was doomed in the beginning to add to my parents' trouble. I was born under a cold star; in Connecticut, in December, the eigh-

teenth or nineteenth. It was near midnight, and nobody ever knew whether before or after. I have chosen to celebrate the latter day. The old fashioned houses were built with great beams resting for support on the chimney. It was so cold that in the effort to keep my mother's room warm by a fire in the fireplace they set the house on fire, and when I was a week old, mother and child had to be removed.

But this was not the worst. When I was six weeks old my mother was taken with fever, and I had to be weaned. I would have no substitute for the mother's breast and opened my mouth and screamed. By all reports, my voice was strong even then. There were no trained nurses in those days, and even if there had been my parents could not have afforded one, and I wore out the strength and patience of aunts and cousins who waited from day to day to see me starve to death. At last an old woman back in the woods consented to take the baby who wouldn't eat and would cry all the time. When they were trying to feed me with a spoon I snatched the cup and drank—a rather novel proceeding for a baby less than two months old—but I have always liked to have a way of my own. After a week or two, my grandfather, in going to the woods, went

out of his way to see the baby and came home saying, "I do believe that child is determined to live." I used to tell my father and mother laughingly that they could have spared me then, for their hands were full. I surely ought to do some good in the world after such a disastrous beginning.

As soon as my father could settle up his business affairs, he went to Meriden, Connecticut, to work for his brother, who had an auger factory there. My father took charge of a room. The men worked ten hours, and father had to open up and get things ready before the men came, and straighten out and close up after they had gone; so that he had nearly eleven hours. And he received a dollar and a half a day. I was six months old when father moved his family to Meriden, a distance of about forty miles. He hired a little house. It was dirty and dilapidated, but there was a beautiful big willow tree in front of it. Father fixed up the house, and mother made it neat, and they were very happy in it. There my first memories began.

I remember how the doctor took my head between his knees and pulled out a back tooth with turnkeys. The idea of putting that savage instrument into the mouth of a little child!

And they had no way of dulling the pain except with sugar plums that the teacher who came in gave me if I would stop crying. My father had gone to choir rehearsal when the pain in my tooth became unendurable; and my sister, ten years old, walked in the dark the long two miles and a half after the doctor. I am very sure she was neither reluctant nor afraid. Perhaps the experiences of those days gave children stronger nerves.

What wonderful changes have taken place in the compass of my memory! I remember our first stove. It was called the "Franklin" stove after Benjamin Franklin, who invented it. It was really a castiron fireplace, set out in the room and connected to the chimney by a stovepipe; but it had the great advantage that we could get all around it. I remember our first cookstove. It was a curious affair; just a firebox with a hearth and covers and the flue that was supported by the back leg, and an oven in the stovepipe. But, crude as it was, it was a great improvement; for before that time the cooking had been done in the fireplace by means of a crane and pothooks supporting the kettles over the fire. It was back-breaking work, and it is not strange that so many men buried two wives and sometimes more. The baking was

done in the big brick oven, and for this it was necessary to have dry wood. Green wood would sizzle and at last burn on the hearth, but for the oven the wood must be dry; and it was counted one of the evidences of a man's provident kindness that he kept on hand a good supply of dry wood for the oven. As we used to sing in our childish plays,

> "You must prove constant and prove good,
> And keep your old woman in oven wood."

By the way, this form of expression, "my man" and "my woman" and often "my old woman" was common in those days when husband and wife spoke of each other. It was remarked by the neighbors that my mother always said "Mr. Sanford" when she spoke of father, and we were a little proud, as children, that we never said or heard at home, in speaking of the neighbors, "down to Spencer's" or "Ingham's", but always down to "Mr. Spencer's" or "Mr. Ingham's", and even "down to Mr. Sheffield's store." We never, as children, called our cousins who were young men and women simply Azuba, Rufus, and Lydia Ann, but always Cousin Azuba, Cousin Rufus, and Cousin Lydia Ann.

I dwelt upon this because some children to-

day seem to think it smart to be careless of the handles of their words. When they come to be men and women they will be very glad if they have early learned deference for their elders, both in speech and thought. The time spent in learning habits of courtesy yields big interest, not only in the esteem of others, but in the delight in one's own soul.

Going back to the stoves—When I was young there was no fire in the churches. Women carried little foot stoves: a copper box about eight or ten inches square, cased in wood, in which they carried a pan of hot coals; and at noon they went to the near neighbors' and replenished it. The children wriggled and kept themselves warm, and the men—they were accustomed to cold. When some of the neighboring parishes had installed stoves the matter was brought up in the church in Saybrook. A few of the older people were "dead sot" against it; but the young people prevailed, and the stoves were put in. It was in December; but the first Sunday after the stoves had been installed was warm and pleasant, and so they built no fire, a fact that was not known by the congregation generally. In the middle of the sermon one of the bitter opponents of the stove got up and walked out. He was followed by a

second and then by a third. "Couldn't stand the heat of them stoves", they said. "Knew I couldn't stand the heat of them stoves." The ridicule when they came to find out that no fire had been built silenced opposition forever.

Our houses were lighted, when I was young, with tallow dips and sometimes by whaleoil lamps; and how they did smell! Finally there came the brilliant light of kerosene oil. It was a great improvement, so far as eyesight was concerned; but the cleaning of the lamps, in a careful household, was a tedious and unpleasant task. Where the housewife was careless the oil would run down from lamps and be transferred from her fingers to her food. I remember teachers bewailed their experiences in such households. One friend of mine said of one such family, "They eat kerosene oil all the time. They don't know it isn't good." If the woman of that day could have seen one turn a button and flood the room with electric light, perfectly clean, she would have thought the millenium was surely coming.

The hardest of all the tasks of the household was soapmaking. The big barrel had to be got in, and the grease and the potash and the lye from a barrel of wood ashes all supplied. It required skill, and it was hard work, especially

when the soap didn't come, and they had to stir it hour after hour with a big stick. It was considered the woman's privilege to be cross on the day she made soap. I remember one of our neighbors saying that when his wife made soap he always threw his hat in when he came home, and if that came out spitefully, he concluded it was judicious to hang around awhile before he went in himself. But my father always contrived to find time to make soap for my mother.

The means of transportation of those days was very crude. Very few people had carriages or carryalls; but most rode in open wagons, sometimes with and often without springs. The stage coach, as everybody knows, was the means of public travel. My father used to insist, after the railways came into fashion and were considered by most so dangerous, that they were far safer, in proportion to travel, than the old stage coach. He said that when he was coming home from Georgia they would often start on a dangerous road with a driver who came out of the tavern "half seas over." The man would whip his horses into a gallop at the top of a mountain, and the stage would sway over to the edge of a precipice; only a kind Providence and the sure-footed horses keeping them from a sudden death.

I remember the building of what I think was the first railway in the United States. It was the switch back at Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, for taking coal out of the mines by gravity. But I believe the first road for passengers was between Hartford and New Haven. I remember the hordes of Irish that built it; I remember their little dump carts and their dirty children. I remember how, in the middle of the night, the men and women used to come howling home from a wake, drunk and quarreling. But the grandchildren of these same Irish are the prominent and honored citizens of Meriden today. So let our present foreigners keep good heart. The Scandinavians are already coming into their own; but the Italians and the Poles and the Russians, if they will but stand stanchly by our American institutions and keep their children in school, may hope to see their grandchildren the wealthy and responsible citizens of Minneapolis in the decades to come.

My home was about three miles from the church, and in those days everybody except very little children went to church. My father hired a sitting for my mother in a neighbor's wagon; but of my earliest recollection, when I was about three years old I walked with my father. My mother was too scrupulous about

infringing upon others' rights, when one sitting was hired, to have taken her little girl upon her lap. And so I walked; and when I was tired my father took me in his arms. I count this experience one of the valuable ones of my life: the close association of my father and the early formed habit of enjoying a long walk. This habit certainly contributed much not only to my happiness but to my health and vigor. All along the years, whenever I didn't have household duties, I would take freely a walk of five miles before breakfast, and enjoy it.

In regard to the church, there were some curious customs in those days. One was that a mother or some elder woman sat at the end of the pew, and the girls next to her, and after them the boys next to their father. I remember a wealthy man, a deacon of the church, who had a large family of children. His wife was usually at home with the baby, and he would come with eight or nine little fellows. The boys and girls would come crowding into the church, and at the door of the pew he would sort them out, pushing in this girl and pulling out that boy until he had them all arranged with due decorum. The only exception to this rule was that the youngest, even if it was a girl, could sit next to its father so

that it could lay its head on his lap and go to sleep.

Another custom was that the choir was seated in a gallery over the door, opposite to the minister and behind the congregation; and when they sang the people stood up and turned their backs upon the minister and faced the choir. This position of the choir explains what some of our young people fail to understand in Lowell's description of the girl who was in love:

> She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
> Ez hisn in the choir;
> My! When he made Ole Hunderd ring,
> She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.
>
> An' she'd blush scarlit right in prayer,
> When her new meetin'-bunnit
> Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
> O' blue eyes sot upun it.

"Blue Eyes" were in the choir loft *behind* the congregation.

And in those days the colored people occupied the seats in the rear of the church. I think I must have been about three years old when I first discovered them; and I know my mother had considerable trouble that day in keeping my face to the front. I continually

turned to stare at these black faces; and finally I whispered to mother, "Why don't they wash themselves before they come to church?" And I seemed to cling to this idea as to the cause of their being black. When I was six years old, one cold night my mother took me with her to carry some things to a poor colored family that lived in a windmill. There was a pair of twins about a year old and now a new baby of two or three days. They told me that they would give me the little one. When we came to leave I insisted on taking it. I was usually an obedient child, but I remember that I cried heartily because mother wouldn't allow me to take the baby. As we were going home mother asked me why I was so naughty; and I said plaintively, "But, mother, why didn't you take the baby, and then it wouldn't be black?" She asked me what I thought made it black; and I said, "Why, they handle it with their dirty hands." It was not so much that I wanted the baby, but I wanted to save it from future misfortune.

Religious prejudices in those days were very strong, and the different Protestant denominations kept themselves a good deal apart. At my earliest recollection almost all the people in our vicinity were Congregation-

alists. There were a very few Episcopalians. My father and mother were counted very liberal, and united cordially with other denominations. With the Irish came in the Catholics and after them the Methodists and Baptists.

I think it must have been about 1844 that a Universalist preacher first came to our town for a single service. Among the very few that went to hear him was a rich, retired sea captain, a wicked old sinner. As he was going home he was overheard saying to himself solemnly: "Blessed doctrine! Blessed doctrine! If I could only believe it." I remember when I was about seven years old I chanced to pass the Episcopal church, lighted up for Christmas Eve services, and I looked upon it with a feeling of horror, much as a child of today would look upon a gambling hell if the door had been opened. I had not been taught this. It was the reflection of a common prejudice. The fires of religious war and persecution had burned out, but the embers still smoldered. How grateful we should be for the unity with which we can join hands in any good work with all who, under whatever name, are serving the Master!

I was four years old when I began to go to

school. There was a low bench around the stove for the little children and a high bench with a slanting board behind it for the older ones. This counter was cut up in various hieroglyphics, initials and pictures of many kinds. I remember that two girls, in an idle hour, dug a grave in the counter and buried a fly with the customary funeral services. There was no singing in the school. There was no mental arithmetic, no literature, and no history. And if we chanced to draw a picture on our slates we were severely reproved. We read round in turn from the New Testament; and the few fanatics who now advocate the reading of the Bible in school would be cured of the notion if they could but hear one day's blunders as I remember them. A friend of mine bears testimony to this experience. The children were reading the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, the story of the Transfiguration; and one boy instead of reading, "And when the disciples heard it they fell on their faces and were sore afraid, read, "and were sore afterward."

I have two vivid recollections of this school term when I was four years old. One is that the teacher, anxious to make us acquainted with useful facts, crowded into our heads long lists

of names of the Indian tribes of the United States, which I can reel off today, mispronunciation and all, just as I learned them. Useless lumber to give a child to keep in the brain for fourscore years!

The other vivid recollection of my first term at school was a thunderstorm. It was at the end of two weeks of August rain; and on that particular morning "they didn't sift it at all, just poured it down by the bucketful." For an hour the thunder and lightning had been very severe, and the teacher had allowed us to keep our aprons over our faces; but just as she said, "I think it's over now, and you can put down your aprons," there came a crashing bolt, and the whole schoolhouse seemed to go up in flame. The lightning had really struck a haycock about ten feet from the schoolhouse. Why it didn't strike the building I have never known. There was more than one child who insisted the next morning: "The schoolhouse has burned down. I saw it afire." We rushed out, teacher and all. The street was flooded with water. There was a shallow ditch, and I waded to my waist in crossing it. We took refuge in the house of the nearest neighbor.

One boy, who lived on the hill behind the

schoolhouse, started to go home. His father was a drunkard, and my mother had been to their house many a time on errands of mercy, so that the boy knew her. When he was part way home he was too terrified to proceed, but turned around and came down to our back door. The rain had now stopped, but he was wet to the skin. When he said to my mother, "The schoolhouse is struck, and it struck me once," of course my mother was alarmed. It was almost noon; and father came in soon to his dinner and went up at once to see what had become of his little girls. I think he was very much relieved to find us safe in the house of the neighbor, for I remember that his right arm pressed me close to his breast as he carried me home. My next sister was holding his left hand, and the oldest clinging to his coat on the right. To me one of the most beautiful sights is a father caring tenderly for his little daughters; I think perhaps because the scene is tangled up in my mind with such precious memories.

The influence of that storm with me was lasting. None of my family was afraid of thunder and lightning. Even in the next generation, my sister's children were entirely free from this fear. I remember when my little niece and

nephew of five and three years of age were alone upstairs in a severe storm, I went up thinking they must be afraid. Just before I reached them there was a terrific bolt, and the little girl clapped her hands and said: "That's a good one! Give us another." But no such courage for me. All through my childhood the very appearance of thunderheads would make me quake and even cause actual nausea. It was not until I was a teacher and responsible for the impression made on children that I was able to conquer this unreasoning fear, and I admit that even now I don't enjoy a thunderstorm at night; so powerful are the impressions of childhood. In this case, of course, it was accidental; but many parents are careless of the influence of fear upon their children. Someone told a little cousin of mine a blood curdling ghost story; and he went to school next day and picked out with a pin every place in his Testament where Holy Ghost occurred. He would have no ghosts in his book.

Going back to the schools of my childhood. In summer we had women teachers and in winter men, because it was thought that women couldn't control the big boys; and in the brutal system of school government then prevailing, physical strength was an important matter.

There were often twelve or fifteen boys of man's stature; and in some schools it was a favorite amusement to turn out the teacher.

I remember, when I was about twelve years of age, in a neighboring town five men in succession had been turned out; and the committee was in despair, when one man suggested that he knew a woman who could manage that school. The committee in despair concluded to take her. The boys thought it was a lark and had things all planned out. When they went out at recess they were going to assemble on a rock at the rear of the schoolhouse, and when she knocked on the window for them to come in (there were no bells in those days) they would stand up and glare at her, then go in and put her out. One boy by the name of Jim was to give them the signal. The teacher came and knocked; but Jim, instead of standing up, meekly slid down over the rock and went in, and the others followed him and carried out the work of the morning in an orderly manner. At noon the boys said to him: "Jim, what made you go in?" He answered: "Golly! Did you see her eyes?" In man or woman it is the consciousness of mastery which gives success.

The prejudice that believed women could not control older boys has passed away; but we

still retain the prejudice that a man teacher is necessary for the dignity of a school. I admit that the influence of both men and women is desirable in the formation of the character of the young. But when people put inexperienced, callow youths in positions of importance in schools or colleges simply because they are "lords of creation", and pay them twice as much as is given to the really valuable women whose power alone keeps the man in his place and the school running, then there is a call for reform. And we do not have to go to the coast of either ocean to find instances of this kind. There are some men in the teaching profession whose work is of inestimable value; but we all know that this profession does not appeal to many men of power. The thing we need to guard against is that we do not in these days let the really priceless women who are in the profession leave it for want of proper pay.

By far the most valuable educational influence of my childhood came from my mother. I remember when I was not yet four years old following her about in her work, begging her to tell me more about the war. Her uncle had been a colonel in the Revolutionary War and had died on the prison ship. Behind my grandfather's house was a beacon hill on which a tar

barrel was kept to be set on fire when the enemy landed; a signal, to another beacon hill in the distance, of approaching danger, the telegraph system of those days.

Long before I was ten years of age I had in mind a gallery of worthies, embracing not only our Revolutionary heroes and men like Hamilton and Marshall and Henry Clay, but old world worthies: Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, Alfred the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charlemagne. I knew and delighted in the character and deeds of these men. My mother realized the value of the word "service" in its modern application; and she taught us the value of time, and sought to inspire us to worthy lives by keeping before us the achievements of such women as Hannah More, Elizabeth Fry and Mary Somerville, and in this country of Mary Lyon, and later of Susan B. Anthony and Abby Foster and Lucretia Mott. And to my mother I am indebted for my love of literature. I can remember, when I still slept in the trundle bed, waking before light in the morning and asking if it wasn't almost time to get up. And mother would answer, "Say over your verses." It would take me at least half an hour to go over the list. I began with the long cradle hymn of Watts:

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.

and

When'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see.
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?

And I remember with great delight I used to say over those glorious lines, still in our hymn books:

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

and the remaining stanzas of that noble hymn. I do not suppose a child of five or six years could comprehend the beauty of this grand poetry, but I know that some of its music entered my soul, and its inspiration also. And I know that this training not only made me familiar with poetic diction and poetic imagery, but that this and my familiarity with the Holy Scriptures formed my literary taste.

I read and studied the Bible; chapter after chapter I could repeat entire. And I am very sure that when I was twelve years old no one

MARY CLARK SANFORD
Maria Sanford's Mother

could have made a mistake in quoting a passage from the early books of the Bible all through Kings and including Job, the Psalms and Proverbs and most of the New Testament—no one, I say, could have misquoted, and I should not have recognized the error. This acquaintance with the exquisite diction and glorious imagery of King James' version has been to me of unspeakable value, not only in the strengthening of character but in the formation of literary taste. This love for the grand old diction makes me impatient with the weaker forms of the Revised Version, which may be sometimes a little plainer, but have so often lost the noble imagery and poetic rhythm of the Hebrew Scriptures.

My mother took for her motto in the training of her children the saying of some distinguished man: "Fill the measure with wheat and there will be no room for the chaff." I have often in later years recommended to mothers that they follow her example in teaching their children, instead of senseless jingles, noble poems which will be priceless seed grain in the mind of the child, bearing rich harvest in later years. I once gave this talk in a place where I was well acquainted, and after the lecture a woman whom I knew came to me and said: "But, Miss

Sanford, I haven't time." I knew that her little daughter had dainty embroidered dresses for summer, and rich, warm, soft ones for winter; and wraps and garments for every season and every need, and I thought: "So much time for the body that perishes and no time for the immortal soul which starves in darkness, making no moan."

I have said that my parents were religious, and I should say something of the religious training of my childhood. While my parents would have been shocked at the idea of a baseball game or a theatrical performance on Sunday, the day was never, in our home, kept in that strict, dreadful fashion that too often prevailed in those days, as in the case of the little girl whose playthings were all put away Saturday night, and who was allowed, after sundown on Sunday, to go to walk in the graveyard. She heard someone say that heaven was an eternal Sunday. She came to her mother in distress and said: "Mama, don't you think, if I am real good all the week, God will let me go down to hell Saturday afternoon and have a good time?"

The schools, when I was young, had only a half holiday on Saturday. Sunday was never dreaded by me, except the hours spent in

church. I set myself the stint to read ten chapters in the Bible on Sunday, and often exceeded that number, but I didn't keep still. I remember once my father offering me fifty cents, if I would keep still half an hour. It was a great prize. I think up to that time I had never had so large a sum of money, but I didn't get it. So sitting still in church or prayer meeting was a terror to me. After a little while I thought my stomach went round and round. I now know it was a nervous sensation caused by enforced quiet upon a very active child. It was a great blessing to me that when I was nine years of age my little brother came. Somebody must stay at home with the baby; and though I admit I was a little timid—for there was nothing but the flies and the chickens, both of which I thought sung a different song on Sundays from other days, and an occasional dog that passed, but I was afraid of dogs—I preferred staying alone with the baby to sitting still in church.

Religion was never a sad and doleful thing in our household. We were taught to love our Heavenly Father. Two incidents illustrating this are especially prominent in my mind. One was when my oldest sister was about sixteen and had a little party. All

along our childhood, father and mother entered into our plays. Even when we were little things and played "I spy the thimble," father would sit like a graven image, holding up his newspaper to see nothing while we hid the thimble in his coat collar or his ear. And mother was never too tired or too busy to rummage the garret for things that would help us in our play. On this particular evening we had had charades and other "dress-up games," and father and mother had been in it as much as any of us, and the time had passed in great glee. At ten o'clock, when the neighbor young folks had gone, we sat around the stove talking it over and laughing as we remembered how funny this and how bright that was. When father said "Let us kneel down and thank our Heavenly Father for these pleasures"—it was not his custom to have evening prayer, he always had morning prayer—we knelt down and he voiced our gratitude to God for the fun and frolic that had made our home bright. If we teach our children to thank God for their pleasures, they will not be likely to seek amusements on which they cannot ask His blessing.

The other instance was when I was quite a little girl. There were no orphan asylums in

those days, and children left without protectors were bound by the selectmen to some family who gave them support and schooling for which they gave service until they were eighteen. A little bound girl lived some distance below us. It was rumored that she had not been kindly treated; and one night in early autumn, just before it was time for us to go to bed, a man came by telling the story that the people had accused this girl of stealing a brooch (they afterwards found that she had not stolen it). They had whipped her all they dared, then they had kept her in the cellar on bread and water; but she insisted that she didn't know where it was. And at last they had hung her in the well, thinking to frighten her into confession. Her screams brought the neighbors and relief. This story was very exciting to little children; and when, soon after, mother put us to bed after hearing us say our prayers, and kissed us good night and left us, we talked it over and began to cry, and called mother. She told us that we needn't be afraid, that we had father and mother to take care of us; and we were pacified for the moment. But we soon called her back, and a third time. Then I remember she sat down on our bed, and I can hear her voice as if it

were but yesterday as she softly said: "I can't be with you all the time, and your father can't be with you all the time, but your Heavenly Father is always near. Now say over after me, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee.' " And she had us say it over and over until we could say it alone; and then she said, "Now keep saying it until you go to sleep." And so we did, and fell sweetly asleep, trusting in the care of the Heavenly Father.

It was a little old brown house, and the furniture was very plain; but not to have toddled about in a palace and inherited millions would I sacrifice those precious memories of a Christian home.

We were by no means prize model children, but a somewhat harum-scarum lot. We partook much more of the energy of our father than of the quiet grace of our mother. I remember my mother's telling of a reproof her father gave her. She was visiting at home when her three little girls were small. Her father's big house had been remodeled so that her brother with his family of seven children lived in half of it. Grandmother was very fond of children and always had in her pantry

something nice, a piece of pie, cookies or candy to give them. Sometimes the children from the other part of the house would slip into the pantry and help themselves. Grandfather said to mother: "Mary, your children are perfectly honest. Not one of them would take a thing out of grandmother's pantry without permission any more than she would cut off her right hand. But not one of them can go through that door without hitting both sides."

My earliest connection with the temperance society was when I was four or five years old. An organization called "The Cold Water Army" extended throughout New England and probably other states. All the boys and girls were urged to join this organization. We had meetings and parades. Every member had a paper diploma about a foot square on which was printed our pledge and several songs. I remember the first verse of one was:

> We cold water girls and boys
> Freely renounce the dangerous joys
> Of brandy, whiskey, rum and gin,
> The serpent's lure to death and sin.

People at that time were very hopeful of speedily crushing intemperance. My mother

said she expected that when her children were grown it would be a thing of the past. She little thought that her youngest daughter would be over fourscore years old before the sale of intoxicating liquors would be made illegal in our country, and that even then the fight for temperance must still go on.

In the fall before I was six years of age my father moved his family back to Saybrook; and for four years he took charge of the farm of his uncle, George Chapman, and we lived in the old Chapman homestead, built by my great-grandfather, to which was attached, as a summer kitchen, the first frame house built in Saybrook. The farm had been in the hands of renters and was much run down; but father was interested in it as if it were his own, and did much to build it up. My sister and I used to help on the farm. We dropped corn and potatoes in the spring, and picked up potatoes in the fall, and husked corn; and by this means earned a little money to buy our clothes. It was helpful and not hard work.

In those years, too, I remember I used to pick huckleberries. The huckleberry fields were two miles and a half from my home, and sometimes a lot of little girls used to go together. But although I was a little lonesome I preferred to

go alone because then I stuck to my job and filled my pail. I sold the berries to my grandmother and aunts; and bought in this way, more than once, my winter dress. It was while we were here on the farm that my father finished paying off the debt he had carried, and easier times dawned for us. It was here also that my only brother was born. This home was half a mile distant from my grandfather Clark's; and though as farmers my parents rose early, I used frequently to go up to my grandfather's and back before breakfast. Grandfather used to say: "That child will get over that when she is big enough to be good for anything." But I never did get over it; and I am as fond of rising early now as I was then.

One more trivial incident of that earliest home perhaps I should recall. It is my having measles. My uncle Elias, my father's younger half-brother, boarded with us for some months. He was very fond of me and used to hold me in his lap. He thought he was immune because he had had the disease in childhood. But several members of my family, including myself, seemed to require two doses; and he took the disease a second time

from me. One day while I was confined to the house a crazy woman came. Mother had often been kind to her and taken her in. There were no hospitals for the insane in those days, and crazy people wandered the streets unless some member of their family could take care of them. I strayed out of the house and down to the brook; and when mother called me and asked me why I went away, I said I didn't like to hear Becky Williams talk. It is pitiful to think what those poor creatures suffered in those days. In a house not a mile below ours a man, violently insane, was shut into a room in a part of the barn by big posts, one of which he once sawed in two with a comb and thus escaped. Another prominent family, where there was an old woman mildly insane but not fit to live with the rest of the family, kept her in a room where she ate and slept. One day they smelled fire and traced it to her room. They went in and found the room full of smoke, and she was in bed. They said, "Why, aunt Nabby, the house is on fire."

"Yes," she said, "I know it, but I poured on all the water there was in the teakettle."

It has seemed to me that Nabby's philosophy is much the way that many people attack

abuses that should be corrected. Instead of taking the trouble to go to the root of the evil and ferret it out they do the easy, handy thing, "pour on all the water there is in the tea-kettle" and then go to bed.

CHAPTER II

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

The Sanford Association of America trace a great branch of the Sanford family to Thomas Sanford, who came to Milford, Connecticut, about 1639, and died there in 1681. The family has been proud of its lineage, and holds reunions to keep alive family interest and acquaintance.

Maria Sanford's ancestors lived, as far back as 1646, in that part of Connecticut where Robert Chapman was given a grant of land in what later became the town of Saybrook. This land has always remained in the family; a Robert Chapman now living on the historic site. Maria Sanford's grandmother Lucretia was born on the estate and was married in 1797 to Samuel Sanford. The third of their seven children was Henry Elisha Sanford, born in 1802.

Captain Elisha Chapman, great grandfather of Maria Sanford was a soldier in the French and Indian wars, and served as Captain throughout the Revolution. There are many

interesting stories told of Mrs. Chapman's experience during the war, while her husband was away and she cared for her large family of children and her aged parents. One is that the daughter Lucretia, Maria Sanford's grandmother, saw the great Lafayette when her mother served him and his aide a dinner at the homestead. Some of the older daughters assisted, but the little Lucretia was shut with the other younger children in an upper room to be out of the way. So they had to content themselves with looking at the great man from an upper window. Such a family story could not fail to seize the imagination of the small Maria.

The parents of Maria Sanford, Henry and Mary Sanford, had four children: Elizabeth, the oldest, born in 1829, married Asa Kirtland and had seven children. She died in 1880. The second, Clarissa, born in 1834, married, and left at her death in 1870 one daughter. The youngest of the family, Rufus, born in 1846, is the only one of the children surviving.

The third child of the family, Maria Louise, was born at Saybrook, Connecticut, December 19, 1836. Of her earliest childhood she remembered enough of the Christmas when she was five years old to give a vivid picture scores of

years later of the loving care with which her mother made the day a happy one for the small family. The day before Christmas she made little mince pies and quince tarts for the children to give to their young friends. The eager Maria delighted to watch the marvelous process of notching the edges of the pies, and of cutting delicate strips of crust to put across the tarts. Christmas eve the children hung up their stockings and coaxed their father to do likewise. But they had to put their wits to work to fill it, for he wore, according to the custom of that time, long woolen stockings that came up over the knee. When the gifts the children had been preparing under their mother's direction had been swallowed up by the stocking, and the cavernous opening was seemingly as great as ever, the mother brought thin delicious doughnuts, beloved of their father, and then promised to put in plenty of popcorn balls and molasses candy. The stocking would not fill up, and the oldest sister thought of a great red apple. When she returned from the cellar with that she brought also a huge potato, seven inches long, proposing to put it in the toe. While one girl scrubbed the potato and wrapped it in tissue paper, another carefully removed all the things from the stocking, and then put the

potato in first. As a final touch, one put a carefully wrapped wishbone on the top, and the stocking was at last filled.

With nothing except what had been prepared at home, an apron, mittens, a rag doll; with no Christmas tree—they had never heard of such a thing—they enjoyed all the delightful mystery and pleasure of giving that heart could wish. Seventy-five years afterward Maria remembered the preparation for that day. Such happiness in poverty, with simple pleasures, had a lifelong effect on her character.

For nine years she was the youngest, and was always an alert, eager, interested child. She had an adoration for her mother so great that when she neared home on her way from school she would run as fast as she could, calling "Mother, mother, where are you?" When the youngest child, a boy, was born, Maria adopted him as her special charge, and felt that she had a great new interest.

From earliest childhood she was accustomed to the institution of family prayers, not only in her own home but in the homes of relations and friends. She learned to repeat the Psalms, and had regular Bible study on Sunday afternoons. Her life-long love of the Bible proves that this was not made the irksome task which many

New England children have found it to be. One of the best lectures she was giving in the last years of her life was entitled Beauties of the Bible.

When Maria was ten years of age the family moved to Meriden, Connecticut, where the father worked for his brother. Up to that time Maria attended country school. When she reached the age of fourteen she began to attend the academy at Meriden, walking three miles daily to and from school and helping her mother out of school hours with the housework. As the older sisters had married soon after the removal to Meriden, and gone to homes of their own, Maria was her mother's only helper.

It soon became apparent that the young girl thirsted for an education. She was always a hard worker at school, and had an ambition that hated to accept defeat. At one time, when the teacher gave extra problems in arithmetic to be worked at home, Maria had to return to school with one unsolved. When she learned that no one had been able to work it, she got excused from school, returned home and worked until she had solved it. She was the only one who mastered the difficulty.

There was a family saying that Maria was so good as a child that, according to the old Puri-

MARIA SANFORD
The Connecticut Yankee

tan belief, she could not live to grow up. Her singular unselfishness was the cause of an amusing story which is still told in the family. Her small brother had always observed his sister, when helping herself from a dish of apples, reach for one with decayed spots, and supposed she liked them best. One day, therefore, when he went to a neighbor's on an errand, and the woman asked if he thought his family would like some apples she had which had begun to decay, he answered at once, "O, yes, I am sure we can use them, for Maria loves rotten apples."

She seems to have been a healthy child; she had inherited from her father a strong physique, and from her mother high ideals. From the very outset she was taught that life was given us to use for something worth while; that it was a precious gift, and that it was sinful to waste it. So lofty was the teaching that it was considered sinful to read novels. And at the mature age of eleven years the young girl resolved, after realizing that she had actually read one, not to read any more fiction. Her older sister had had a year's subscription to the Boston Atheneum given her, and one rainy Saturday Maria took it to a favorite refuge in the attic and read through a continued

story. After she sat back to think of it she said to herself "Why, that is nothing more nor less than a novel!" Then she made a secret resolve to refrain from such wickedness; a resolve which she kept until she learned in normal school that some of the world's great literature is cast in the form of narration.

A strong natural desire for reading was stimulated by the study of history and church doctrine. Her thirst for knowledge grew so that by the time she was sixteen she knew much of the world's history and had acquired a love for it that remained one of her greatest interests in life. The mother had taught the Psalms and other beautiful poetry to the children so that they had a rich inheritance even without novels. It is worthy of notice that as long as she lived, Maria cared little for this most popular form of literature. When the oldest daughter, on leaving home, received from her father her marriage portion, Maria asked for hers then instead of waiting for it until she was ready to be married. Her explanation that she wanted to use the money to go to the New Britain Normal School found favor with both her parents. With very little money, and a scanty wardrobe in which a red delaine dress was the most elegant item, the strong-hearted

young girl set forth upon her first journey away from home. The New Britain Normal School was a co-educational institution with pleasant social relationships, but Maria Sanford was studying too hard all the time she was there to reap the benefits of them. She once let several weeks go by without writing home; and when her father sent an anxious letter, she got up at four o'clock to answer it. He replied that she needn't mind writing often if she had to get up before daylight to do it. So unremittingly did she work that she completed the course with honors, graduating in 1855, at the age of nineteen.

At her graduation she wrote an essay entitled What of the Future? the opening words and the climax of which she remembered word for word when she was eighty years old. She always regarded them with approval. The essay began, "The future lies before us and we can make it what we will; no deed, no word, no thought of ours but leaves its deathless record there, and blots once made can never be effaced." The climax she liked for its imperative ring. She thought it was a good motto, and said it was always easier for her to follow an exclamation point than a question mark. The climax was "Fear not! faint not! fail not!"

Some time after her graduation from normal school, the Honorable John D. Philbrick, who was principal at the time she was a student, and afterward superintendent of the Boston public schools, said of her: "Maria Sanford had uncommon energy and vigor, and was conspicuous for industry, fidelity and earnestness. What her hands found to do she did with all her might."

After finishing her course at Normal School she began teaching in a country school at Gilead, forty miles from home, at a salary of ten dollars a month. So shy and so untried was she in the solemn field of teaching that she took a position as far away as she could in order not to be disgraced at home if she proved a failure. Forty miles was farther in those days than four hundred now. The first year was a bitter experience for her, because she had not learned to love teaching. She said she used to lie awake nights until she could tell the time by the stars as well as a sailor; thinking, wondering, pondering, and praying to be guided aright. She was never satisfied with her own work at Gilead, though others did not seem to think it a failure; and they hired her for a second term. But she said there were many times when, if she could

have found her way to the bottom of the neighboring Atlantic Ocean without the sin of suicide on her soul, she should have gone there. It was bitter; but she was learning her trade, with no teacher but experience and her own conscience.

Her first triumph came in this school. One day a county superintendent came to visit. He sat all the afternoon saying nothing, and when he left said nothing. Her heart stood still. Later he told her, "I have been watching your children all the afternoon. You said nothing. Each one seemed to be doing exactly as he wanted to do, and each one wanted to do right!" She said it was the most beautiful compliment she had ever received.

The first recorded instance of her noted love of humor occurred in this school. The children had a habit of chewing dried apples in school instead of the spruce gum of a later day; and just as country school teachers of the eighties forbade gum chewing, this teacher of the fifties forbade the chewing of dried apples. One day she saw a great boy sitting near her desk working his jaws suspiciously and said, "Samuel, are you eating dried apples?"

"No'm, lisped Samuel with difficulty, "I'm

thusth puttin' one to thoak." She treasured that answer all her life.

After the second year there she improved her condition and her income by going to Glastonbury to teach in the lower room of a two grade school. She was progressing a little. The next year came still further progress, and she got a better place nearer home; for she wasn't afraid of failure any longer. She was getting her feet under her and slowly gathering what no human being can afford to be without if he is to be of any use in the world: that is, self-respect. She taught the upper grades now, and began to realize that she must develop her disciplinary powers. She remembered long afterward James McGuire, a strapping Irish boy of fifteen. He was bigger than she and thought he could defy her. One day he had refused to pick up some corn he had scattered on the floor. She knew it was now or never, and with a mute prayer for strength started the first lesson in applied physical discipline that she had given. Greatly to James McGuire's surprise, he presently found himself on his back in the hall with her hand on his collar and her knee on his chest.

"Will you pick up that corn?" she said.

And he blubbered a choking reply, "Y-Y-es, ma'am."

That was on Friday, and she went home for Saturday and Sunday. When she returned Monday morning she met one of the school trustees who shook hands with her, laughed heartily and said, "I guess you'll do, young lady." And after she got to school she overheard one of the boys saying to another: "Golly, but teacher's strong." After that she had no more trouble with unruly boys.

She taught there for a year and then went to Middlefield, Connecticut, for still better wages. In 1859 her father died and Maria's first terrible grief for a time prostrated her. His death occurred after an illness of four days while the mother was away from home. He was a man of such sterling worth that his loss was deeply felt in the community, and the eulogy pronounced at the funeral was heartfelt and comforting. Printed as a memorial, it rings today with the solemnity of great, simple truths. The delicate mother's fortitude enabled her to join in the hymn, which according to the custom of that day was sung by the friends gathered around the grave. Her friends said she was uplifted as she sang, and seemed to be looking within the veil. The

memory of her calm face came to the storm wrecked Maria that evening when she was startled by the call to supper. The shock of realizing that the world must go on as before brought to her one of the many times of readjustment to the burdens of her life. Her father had taught her never to sink under a blow; her mother, always to be cheerful.

A passage from a letter written by a cousin of Miss Sanford's gives a touch of the home life in Meriden. "I am thinking of you in your room in the home at Meriden writing a dialogue for the pupils, and reciting snatches of prose and poetry, giving me a pleasant Sunday home while I was teaching in Yalesville. I am afraid I did not thoroughly appreciate then my good fortune to know you and your saintly and sainted father and mother so intimately, but I have looked back on those days many times since with thankfulness and appreciation."

The home was broken up for a time, while the mother went to live with the oldest married sister, and the young brother returned with Maria to Middlefield. She had as assistant a young woman who had been with her in normal school in New Britain; and she had the distinction of teaching in what was for

those days a very fine new school building, a model very much in advance of those around it. Instead of the one room school with the old wood stove in front of the teacher's desk, this school-house had a recitation room provided with a large library. Both the heating and the ventilating were something very modern; the latter was effected by large ventilators in the roof which were connected with flues that took out either warm or cold air from the room. The heating system was so arranged that pure air from the outside was brought into the room over coils around a large box stove. Maria Sanford had a lifelong hobby for fresh air. She was liable to feel stifled where others felt comfortable.

At this time she was a slender young woman, considerably above medium height and of somewhat florid complexion, and a quiet, grave voice. She was very dignified, thoroughly in earnest, and appreciated the responsibilities of her position as a teacher. Teaching did not by any means fill all her time. Even then she was a great walker but her walks invariably had an objective. On one occasion she and her assistant walked nine miles from Middlefield to Yalesville where the mother was living; upon their arrival Maria,

without sitting down to rest, set to work ironing a large basket of clothes, and kept at it until the ironing was all done.

The small daughters of the widowed sister who lived with the mother the three years while Miss Sanford was in Middlefield, used to run away at first when their Aunt Maria returned for week ends and holidays, merely because her energy was so great that her rapid movements frightened them. She was very kind to them, but she was so different from their quiet, gentle mother and their grandmother that she had to work to gain their confidence. Her own confidence and self poise had come with success in her work, and with the responsibility of supporting her frail mother and delicate young brother.

Her unusual superiority of mind and person were so evident that they attracted a young man teaching at that time in Yalesville. The attraction became mutual; when Miss Sanford went to New Haven to teach and made a home there for her mother and brother the young people became engaged. The following account is in Miss Sanford's own words, given on her eightieth birthday: "Near this time I had the bitterest experience of my life, which I speak of with the utmost reluctance, but

which had so intimate a bearing upon my life and caused me to turn such a square corner that it would not be fair to omit it. You have asked me for the salient matters in my life, and if they are worth anything to you, it would not be right to leave out the most important of them all.

"I became engaged, while at New Haven, to a young theological student who became, eventually, editor of one of the leading Christian magazines of this country. We were both passing through that perilous period when young people, brought up in strictest doctrinal belief, begin to widen their viewpoint about the essential matters of life—it may interest you to know that I read Darwin's Origin of Species before it was published in this country. This book, among others on the natural sciences and natural philosophy, entranced and interested us beyond measure. We felt that they must be true, and yet they disturbed our fundamental faiths. We could not see, as yet, that geology, astronomy and the allied sciences reveal God in his goodness and greatness. We thought they simply controverted and tried to disprove God. Poor, blind children that we were. Religion was first of all things in my mind. I wrestled through

weeks of doubt and despair. My reason was arrayed against my conviction, and I was the storm center in an awful void between the two.

"My final peace and light came to me through prayer, and I came to feel that all was one, and that everything was somehow in perfect tune, though we could not read the harmonies aright. And so I found the peace which passeth all understanding. But my friend did not; at least, not then, and I was led to break my engagement with him and throw myself more and more deeply into the studies which, I now felt convinced, must fill my life and make up my sum of days upon earth. I passed through this before I was twenty-five, and was given strength and abiding peace to take up my studies alone."

One can only conjecture how different her life would have been if this estrangement had not occurred. But late in life Miss Sanford told a friend that she would have been much happier had she married. To the reader of the biography of the eminent divine whom she mentioned, it seems that if she had not had this experience her development would have been very different. The young man, at the time of the engagement a professed atheist, came later to be regarded as the most orthodox of evan-

gelical preachers, noted for his sincerity, earnestness, and conservatism. Although he never finished his college course, he had, later in life, numerous honorary degrees conferred upon him by various colleges. A great traveller, a well known speaker, he was noted for his wide and accurate knowledge both of facts and of literature, and for his remarkable memory. He once stated that if the entire Bible should be destroyed, he could reproduce two-thirds of it from memory. The promise of power was strong in the young man, and the similarity between the two is very apparent to the reader.

Thrice married, he was a strong opponent of woman suffrage. Miss Sanford, though she did not espouse the cause of woman suffrage until after she was seventy years of age, became an ardent exponent of the cause. She died only a few months before suffrage was granted to the women of this country. Miss Sanford, like him, became a great public speaker and preacher; she too was noted for the variety and accuracy of her knowledge. Very few people could compare with her in her memory of poetry. But it is odd to note that whereas she says that she broke her engagement because she felt that her friend did not hold fast to his religious faith, she herself was known for most

of her life as unusually broad in her religious views. One of her colleagues at Swarthmore said that Miss Sanford was so far ahead of her time in religious thought that it took him fifty years to catch up with her. Her private happiness was sacrificed in this case as it was all her life long for what she believed to be the only right course for a Christian to take.

With the removal to New Haven, where she taught for five years, she took another step forward. Her work and her salary were both advanced, and she could have her mother and brother at home with her.

The nearness to Yale University inspired her to obtain a higher education, but she knew of no college that admitted women. Determined in spite of circumstances to learn as much as possible, she obtained an introduction to the eminent historian John Fiske, and asked his advice about her studies. He very kindly made out a list of reading, mainly in history and science, which she pursued with the aid of books from the public library in New Haven. It was a stiff course. She read through Grote's History of Greece in twelve big volumes, and was surprised to find the first volume pretty well thumbed, the second less so; she had to cut the leaves of the remaining ten volumes. She

studied all this history with maps to guide her, took up logic, science, and a number of other subjects, and taught at the same time. In addition she took to board two girls who otherwise could not have gone to school. She did most of the housework because of her mother's frail health, and still had time to help the girls with their lessons.

When Miss Sanford was still in the twenties she did something else which for a young woman in those days, one who had to earn her living and keep a home on a salary smaller than any man in the same position would have had, must have required both uncommon courage and uncommon generosity. She asked a young woman friend to lend a thousand dollars to three young men in whom she was interested, in order that they might undertake some business venture in the South. Miss Sanford became surety for the payment of the money, in case the young men failed to pay it. The history of that loan, and the payment of the money, principal and interest, is a remarkable instance of high integrity on the part of Miss Sanford and of the friend who made the loan.

In 1875, many years after this money had been borrowed, the friend offered to give up the notes she held, if Miss Sanford could raise

the principal; she said she would gladly waive the interest. Miss Sanford thought at that time she could redeem one note in a few weeks. She said she had been delayed in the payment of another debt of nine hundred dollars which she had paid. She assured her creditor that if she was spared life and health she fully intended paying interest for the full time, and should feel just as ready to do so if the notes were redeemed as she should if they were held. Several times the friend needed the money; once at the time of her approaching marriage. Miss Sanford felt hurt when she was pressed; and said she could not sleep in her grave if the money was not paid. Her friend never lost faith in Miss Sanford's integrity, though it was more than fifty years before the entire debt was cancelled. Her friend, some years Miss Sanford's senior, wrote a letter of hearty congratulation when Carleton College conferred a doctor's degree upon Miss Sanford. Even at that time the debt was not paid, and Miss Sanford said the letter meant more to her than the degree.

After five years of teaching at New Haven Miss Sanford went again for a year to Middlefield, because she was offered a better salary. But even this, which was thirty-six dollars a

month and board, did not satisfy her ambition. She wanted to become principal of a graded school, but felt that the people of Connecticut were too conservative to give such a position to a woman. The lasting influence she wielded over her pupils is evident in a letter written by a university professor to her some years after her retirement. The writer had been her pupil that last year in Middlefield; and retained nearly fifty years later vivid memories of the teacher of his childhood.

"It must have been somewhere between 1866 and 1868 when I was from ten to twelve years old, that you kept me after school one afternoon in the Cedar Grove schoolhouse in Middlefield, Connecticut. I had been unusually mischievous that day. The other children as well as myself expected that a serious punishment was forthcoming.

"You drew me upon your lap,—great, hulking boy that I was, and spoke to me somewhat as follows: 'I never expect to become great myself, but hope that some of my pupils will become such. In that way I will hope to become great indirectly. You have given me considerable trouble by your pranks. You seem to have an active mind, and you can become a

great man if you will apply yourself diligently and give up your mischief making ways.'

"Before going home that afternoon, I promised amendment, and from that time on I had and still have great love and admiration for you. In my boyish enthusiasm I used to take you out riding with old Ted, and used to take you out coasting on a great sled that my father had just made for me in his shop.

"After you left Middlefield I did not seem to know how to reach you, and as the years went on I had left only pleasant memories. At this late day I am rejoiced to learn of you and am looking forward with pleasure to seeing you in the early part of January."

The fame of the unusual methods of the young teacher attracted many visitors, among them Mr. W. W. Woodruff, a long time superintendent of schools in Chester county, Pennsylvania. In a visit to a school in Connecticut he saw on the blackboard the motto: "We endeavor to do what we undertake." He was told it had been placed there by a teacher who had left the school five years before, and that the pupils would not have it erased. This so impressed him that he found out where she was teaching and went to visit her school. She had been called away by the severe illness of some mem-

ber of her family. She had made out a schedule for the children; and when the visitor arrived he found the school running itself. Such an unusual proceeding strengthened the impression he had already received, that he had found a remarkable teacher, and he determined to try to get her to go to Pennsylvania.

The chance occurred the next fall and found Miss Sanford ready to go farther west, where she believed there would not be so much prejudice against giving women responsible positions as there would be in what she called "the land of steady habits". Superintendent Woodruff told the school board who wanted a teacher that she would not go for the salary they offered—forty dollars a month, but that he believed she would for forty-five dollars. And he offered, if any member of the board was dissatisfied with the new teacher, or even 'cleared his throat over the matter', to pay the extra twenty dollars for the four months' school from his own pocket.

CHAPTER III

THE TEACHER

At the age of thirty-one Miss Sanford left her native state for the first time. She taught first at Parkersville, Pennsylvania, where she made almost a sensation among the Quakers of the community. Though she found herself, on the whole, very much in accord with a sect before unknown to her, yet her sturdy independence did not easily give way to some of their religious customs, and she had to endure some opposition. She had always been accustomed to opening school by reading the Scriptures and kneeling in prayer. This custom of course Quakers found obnoxious, but she adhered to it in spite of unfavorable criticism.

The fame of her unusual methods of teaching travelled so fast that in the first four months' term she had two hundred visitors. One novelty which impressed them was the fact that pupils were trained to keep their attention fixed on their work when strangers came. Another was the exercise of turning

poetry into prose in order to see whether the children understood the poetry. The superintendent visited her school many times. Each visit strengthened his opinion that she was the most remarkable teacher he had known in an educational experience of twenty-five years, during which he had examined three thousand teachers, and made nearly as many visits to schools. He made careful notes of the work of the new teacher for publication in the county School Journal. The phenomenal attendance record of ninety-three per cent, instead of the usual seventy-five per cent of rural schools, testified to the hold she had on the pupils. More than forty years afterward, a year after she had retired from the University of Minnesota, a doctor in New Jersey, hearing that Miss Sanford was going to be in Chester County, wrote to Superintendent Woodruff:

"My brother tells me that Miss Maria L. Sanford will be in West Chester soon. As an original pupil of Miss Sanford when she came to Chester County, and one of the bonnie twelve which she prized so highly, I am very anxious to again meet her.

"Forty-two years ago she taught at Parkersville and it has always been a recollection of joy when I think of that time, as she did more to

create in me the love of knowledge than any teacher that I had the pleasure to go to. If you can give me the time when I can meet her, I shall consider it a great favor."

The "bonnie twelve" were the twelve pupils whose names were beautifully printed on a roll of honor which had been decorated in pen and ink work by Miss Sanford's brother, who was a draughtsman by profession. Each pupil had a copy for his own and another is still carefully preserved by the Sanford family.

At the conclusion of the first term Miss Sanford's salary was raised one-third for the summer term, and she was offered sixty dollars a month for the next year. But the neighboring town of Unionville offered more, and she went there to teach in Jacob Harvey's Academy. Some of the pupils followed, and so paid a double tax rate in order to be under her instruction. Here as in her earlier schools Miss Sanford's tremendous energy continued to be the marvel of every one. While she was in Unionville she used often to walk to the home of one of the directors, a distance of ten miles, arriving in time for breakfast, in order to talk over school matters. Here she would pick up the baby, who was ill and fretful, and walk with him on her shoulder while she talked with his father

on school matters. It was remarked that she never failed to quiet the baby.

One incident of this period is still fondly remembered by the pupils of the school. A fifteen year old girl, one of her pupils, was so impressed with Miss Sanford's spirit, that one day when the worst snowstorm known for years came and piled the snow as high as the fences, and every one thought school impossible, she insisted that Miss Sanford would not expect any of them to give up school for so small a thing as a snow-storm. So finally her father got a horse, and took his daughter on the saddle in front of him. After a time the drifts were too much for the horse, and the father turned back; but the little girl slipped from the saddle and plunged through on foot. Only a few children who lived near the school were present, but they saw her coming, and with shouts made a path for her. Miss Sanford made a fire in a room upstairs and sent to a near-by house for dry clothing for the child. It was days before she was able to get back home. This incident formed the basis for the school motto, "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." The superintendent told that story to every school in the county.

In the spring of 1869 twenty-five of the lead-

ing citizens in ten towns of the county began a campaign to have her elected county superintendent. They distributed a pamphlet that set forth her qualifications and signed their names to the leaflet. As to her scholarship they stated that with the exception of the classics she was equal to the graduates of Harvard and Yale. Miss Sanford made a whirlwind campaign, visiting every voter and walking sometimes sixteen miles after school. But she was attempting something too radical; a woman superintendent had never been heard of, and she failed of election, a man gaining over her by a narrow margin. Although she did not become superintendent she was made principal of a school in another town, where she instituted the custom of having the four schools of the town meet together once a month for mutual improvement. Each school took its turn in showing what it had accomplished and demonstrated any new methods that had proved successful. This was carried out so much to the satisfaction of the townspeople that they made up an extra purse of money for her. So much antagonism from this arose among some of the teachers that one left the town. Her next innovation was to lecture at a teachers' institute. It came about natur-

ally. Teachers' institutes were held once a month and teachers had their choice of conducting their regular work or spending the day at the institute. In the absence of one of the regular speakers Miss Sanford was called upon to explain the method of some of her work, and found her real vocation. She began to speak with great timidity, but gained courage as she proceeded, and at the close of the institute had added a new interest to the gatherings. From the first, her force of character, her dignity, her earnestness, and her enthusiasm impressed all who heard her. Added to these she had inherited a voice of remarkable purity, flexibility and power. In a family of beautiful singers she could never carry a tune; but her speaking voice had such power that it penetrated to the hearts of thousands.

In order to understand why the young teacher felt timid about speaking before her colleagues, it is necessary to recall that as late as 1856 it was considered almost disgraceful for a woman to speak in public. In the History of Women's Suffrage the statement is made that at the State Teachers' Association in New York, in 1856, the president, Professor Davis, of West Point, in referring to an ad-

dress made by Susan B. Anthony in which she advocated opening schools, colleges and universities to women, said: "I am opposed to anything that has a tendency to impair the sensitive delicacy and purity of the female character or to remove the restraints of life. These resolutions are the first step in the school which seeks to abolish marriage, and behind this picture I see a monster of social deformity. I would rather have followed my wife or daughter to Greenwood Cemetery than to have had her stand here before this promiscuous audience and deliver that address."

Public opinion did not change so rapidly in the sixties as it does now; it is safe to say that when Miss Sanford delivered her first address before a teachers' institute in Pennsylvania in 1868 she was braving public opinion almost as much as Susan B. Anthony had done twelve years earlier. The editor of the Pennsylvania School Journal, who heard the address, in referring to it afterwards said: "We well remember Miss Sanford's paper before the State Teachers' Association at Allentown in 1868. It was her first appearance before such a public audience, and she read under an intense nervous strain, little dreaming it was the first of thousands of such addresses she

was to deliver, warm from her own heart to the hearts of thousands of sympathetic hearers. She stood in front of the audience just inside of the rail, a young girl strung to nervous tension, pale but resolute. The paper shook in her hand, but she had something to say, was saying it earnestly as she had done all her life, and her audience gave earnest attention. I remember again reading the proof of this paper for the report that was published in the Journal. The summer rain was falling on the maple leaves just outside the open windows, and we heard the steady drip of water through the pipes in the darkness. We came upon the suggestive lines quoted in the paper,

> Reach a hand through time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears.

But it was the personality of the reader by which we were most impressed."

The same editor on a later occasion asked Miss Sanford to deliver a lecture on astronomy. He was conducting a Star Study Group in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, and had been disappointed in a speaker for a certain meeting. When Miss Sanford protested that she knew nothing about astronomy the editor still urged her to

give a talk. She finally consented, and after some preparation she gave an excellent talk, ending with Longfellow's poem, The Occultation of Orion, which she recited with telling effect.

From this time on she was sought frequently to give good advice to young teachers. One of her earliest lectures was on Moral Training in School, a subject which was always foremost in her esteem. Among other things she held that, although moral training belongs to the home, it also belongs to the school and must begin in the character of the teacher. She emphasized the fact that moral culture never hinders but rather stimulates mental growth. She urged teachers always to bring a school under the dominion of love, to make gentleness and kindness the law of the playground, and industry and honesty that of the classroom, "to fill every heart with love for all that is good and true, and kindle the soul with a longing for a noble life. Then," said she, " the intellect will brighten as if kindled by the smile of heaven."

Another lecture was entitled How Can We Elevate Our Public Schools? In this forceful lecture she stated that we can work first to gather the children into the schools, then to

seek for high scholarship in teachers, then to show how infinitely superior is the spiritual to the physical nature; work to prove that neatness and beauty are better than the rod to secure good order; teach thoroughness; permit nothing in the schoolroom that would be condemned in the drawing-room of a cultivated family, and teach the dignity of labor. Everyone acquainted with Miss Sanford in her later life will recognize these sentiments as very dear to her heart.

Another lecture given many times at teachers' institutes was entitled Lessons in Manners and Morals. In those days it was a novel idea to advocate the teaching of manners and morals in school, but Miss Sanford was always ahead of her time. Among the things she urged upon the teachers in this lecture were the following: "Without in any way entering upon the religious aspect of this question, either by upholding or disclaiming special tenets, I affirm that my experience leads me to believe that love of truth is no more inborn than love of mathematics. There are different degrees of capacity for each; but each, like the other, must be taught and learned. I maintain that however moral ideas may be obtained, moral training is necessary to secure

obedience to their requirements . . . But no further than we would trust to the child's education in mathematics to make him a good linguist can we trust his training in either of these to develop his moral nature and fit him for the responsibilities of life."

Miss Sanford stated emphatically in this lecture a belief she held throughout her life when she said: "Our ideas of education are too narrow and exclusive; we are the devotees of books; we can conceive of no education without them; we are ready to deny the identity of Homer and Shakespeare because they were so independent of such aid. Even those who avoid the cramming process still work too absolutely for scholastic development . . . It is urged by some that this moral training takes time and there is none to spare. Nothing was ever more ridiculous than this plea. Is there time enough for grammar, but none for honesty; time for mathematics but not for truth? Shall we devote hours to geography and grudge minutes to temperance? Shall we with scrupulous care insist upon exactness and elegance in speech and neglect that thoughtful kindness which lends a charm to the homeliest phrase? Is there time to pore over battles and learn of kings and none to

wake admiration for the faithful performance of daily duties? We can well forego something of scholarship for the blessings of patriotism and virtue, but we are called to no such sacrifice. Intellectual progress is advanced instead of being retarded by attention to moral culture.

"Many are led to neglect all effort by the feeling of disgust with which they recall the ponderous and prosy lectures by which their young ears were bored. Such teaching should indeed be avoided, and any attempts at stated periods for moral instruction will be very likely to degenerate to formality and cant, but if we are filled with a sense of the importance of the subject and of our responsibility, the fitting opportunity will not be wanting."

In the course of the lecture Miss Sanford urged that the influence of poetry should never be overlooked in teaching morals and manners. She recalled the power that music had over her in her own childhood. "Music," she said, "is a potent charm to drive away evil spirits. I remember in my childhood when we became pettish and quarrelsome our mother would call on us for a song, and by the time it was over the clouds would be dissipated and sunshine return again. Many a rock of

offense in the schoolroom may by this simple means be avoided; and not only a weary, restless hour be charmed away, but the moral tone of the school raised because the right spirit instead of the wrong has prevailed."

Because Miss Sanford had taught in all kinds of schools, including a one-room country school, a two-room graded school, a high school, and an academy, she was prepared at teachers' institutes to aid teachers in all kinds of work. She gave them advice on school discipline; she told them how to teach history; she gave instruction in reading. Her talks were always very practical. She would urge the teachers to train the voice, and remind them that as a nation we are noted as nasal talkers. She urged them to watch their own faults and try to avoid them. In her advice on reading she urged them not to call on the best readers but to encourage good effort. That last suggestion was characteristic of Miss Sanford; she was known throughout her whole teaching life as a champion of the poor student, the bad boy, the child not interested in school work; and she had remarkable success with the troublesome child.

It was also characteristic of her that she gave talks to the teachers upon neatness and

MARIA SANFORD
The Teacher

order. She had the New England Puritan belief that cleanliness is next to godliness. She taught that neatness of person brings carefulness of morals, and that by raising the standard of neatness in the schoolroom the teachers would raise it in the community. She gave them the Puritan sentiment that goodness of nature is better than beauty of face, and urged them to give more attention to the useful than the useless in dress.

With all this advice Miss Sanford urged the teachers not to be sentimental and to avoid the habit of reading either trashy or "goody" books, but instead to store the mind with beautiful things. So helpful was her instruction to country school teachers that one editor said that Miss Sanford ought to be the president of a normal school, and that she would never find her right place until she became a teacher of teachers. She was as much interested in her fellow teachers, and especially in the younger ones, as she was in her pupils. She used to tell them that there was so much to do in the world that every one in it ought to work with all his might. She constantly warned them to keep their health and to keep on the alert for opportunity. She urged them to keep ever in mind the thought: "No one but

myself can do my work." Another thought she was fond of presenting as long as she lived was that they would always have trouble. The world would knock them down sometimes, but they must jump up with clenched fists and go at their work anew. One of her many mottoes for her own guidance at this time was, "Do something steadily. Forty years studying birds."

The effect of the mottoes Miss Sanford had for herself and for others all her life might seem to be very small. But there is ample evidence from old students that they had permanence. One woman writes fifty years after Miss Sanford taught in Chester County, "I did not have the good fortune to be one of her pupils, but one of the bright spots in my memory is a half day our school spent with hers as visitors. One of the things that impressed me that day was a passage of Scripture she had written along the top of a blackboard in the front of her room: 'Buy the truth and sell it not; also wisdom, instruction and understanding.' Before dismissing for the day she had the children rise and read the above in concert. Before I left the schoolroom that motto was mine for a lifetime, and I naturally

always associated the words with Miss Sanford."

In the short time she had been in Pennsylvania, she had become so attached to the community that in later years she wrote to a friend in West Chester, "Those years in Chester County were among the most valuable of my whole life, and endeared me so much to the people that I feel that I have almost the interest and claim of a mother in all that concerns that glorious country."

One of the many visitors to Miss Sanford's school was a member of the board of the new Quaker College at Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. He felt that such a teacher would be a great help in the college; and when the professor of history at Swarthmore broke down in health, Miss Sanford was engaged as an instructor there. She entered the college in 1869, as teacher of English and History and the next year was made professor of history, the first woman professor in the United States.

When she went to Swarthmore, the mother and brother removed to Philadelphia, and Miss Sanford maintained the home there, always going in from Swarthmore over week ends. The mother, always frail, died of pneumonia in 1874. Maria adored her lovely mother, but she

had learned from the mother's bravery at the death of the father not to give way to overwhelming grief. Her idolized brother then remained her chief interest. When he married a year later, Miss Sanford concentrated her attention on an orphaned niece who had come under her care when she first went to Swarthmore, and who remained with her at Swarthmore until she was graduated in 1880. The following letter tells how she came to have the little girl with her:

"My dear Aunt:

I write to you in tears and wish to tell you that I have told a lie and would not own it to Aunty. I have the dreadful fault and have told a great many. Aunty sent me away this morning because I would not own it, and came up this noon, but I told another (!) She told me she should send me away if I did not choose to stay and obey her wishes.

"She bid me farewell this noon and said I could see her no more, that she should write to Uncle to come out and take me; and I write to you to see if you will take me. I will do my best to obey your wishes if you will only let me come. But I don't want you to take me if you think I shall trouble you a great deal. I am

going to strive hard to break up this dreadful fault.''

It was doubtless when Miss Sanford was helping the little girl to break up this dreadful fault that she sometimes kept her niece shut into her room for a day at a time, and gave the other girls in the school the idea that she was too strict with her relative. The girl students used to throw offerings into the room through the transom above the door, and visit with the little prisoner by the same means. The niece lived with her in the intimate association of mother and daughter.

A passage from a letter written by the niece gives a glimpse of their life: ''At Swarthmore she had her study in the main or central part of the building. The long girls' dormitory, where she and I shared our sleeping room was near, and at the opposite end of the building was the boys' dormitory. One night I was wakened by hearing her jump out of bed hastily, and when I asked her what was the matter, she said, 'Listen.' I at once heard a dull noise; and she, becoming satisfied that some disorder was astir in the boys' region, quickly slipped on slippers and wrapper and got over to the scene of conflict at once. The boys had tied up the door of the three or four men in charge of

their dormitory, and were having a riotous pillow fight, not expecting the noise would carry to the other end of the building. So she caught them red handed and white-robed, escorted them to the various doors they had tied up, and had them release their prisoners. There were no more pillow fights after that."

A letter reveals her power over her Swarthmore students: "When, as a Freshman, I sat in a somewhat bare and dreary classroom, its air carrying that faint odor of chalk and blackboards—which I had learned thoroughly to despise—the door opened and there swept in a presence, a power, a force which might have been called violent excepting for its control and direction—in the shape and person of Maria Sanford.

"I, and every student in the room, became instantly and vividly alert and expectant. The following hour seemed incredibly short. Miss Sanford opened a new and wonderful field to eyes eager to see, but till then blind.

"To me, history had been a matter of mnemonics; dates—learned only for examination and as quickly forgotten; names—dead, dry and lifeless; events having no bearing upon the present—all assembled in book form with the main purpose of robbing youth of its joy.

"But the names became living, moving, acting men; the dates—points of departure; the incidents as real as though I were seeing them—all with a bearing on the life about me.

"This was my first impression of Maria Sanford. Her name brings before me her clear eyes, her broad forehead, her quick and forceful movements, her voice ringing with enthusiasm, and best of all—her spiritual and intellectual force, which has so largely and helpfully influenced the lives of the thousands who were privileged to know her."

Miss Sanford never wasted a moment. She made announcements to her class as she walked to the platform. They never knew when a test was coming. When she gave one she called "Pencils and paper" as she opened the door, and began her questions at once. The papers were passed from pupil to pupil for correction. In the freshman class she used to have a test like a spelling lesson in which the pupils stood. She gave a date; the pupil told what historical fact occurred on that date. If he failed, the first one who gave it correctly stepped above him. She used to assign epochs in history on which pupils were expected to do outside reading and prepare special papers. She also used to assign a certain number of pages of history

to be condensed into a four minute recitation. Besides this each pupil was required to write several formal papers each term. In her zeal she was often in danger of encroaching upon the time due other departments. Pupils would work over time for her.

"One of the features of the school at Swarthmore was an evening study period of one and a quarter hours of undisturbed quiet study in a large hall where all except Juniors and Seniors assembled. President Magill and Miss Sanford were the only ones of the faculty who could maintain the required discipline, and so few of the faculty ever attempted to take charge of study hour. There were large doors from the back of the room opening into the hall; and Miss Sanford usually staid in the hall or perhaps went into her study. She almost never staid in the room to watch them, but the effect of her presence kept the pupils in perfect order in the study hour. She had especial patience with students who were backward and had not had so many advantages as the average, and would do double work with them to enable them to rank with their more fortunate companions.

"She was greatly beloved not only by the students and teachers, but even by the domestics of the school. At Christmas time it was her

habit to go to the housekeeper who had charge of the many negro servants, and ask her who among them were not well known or popular, and who would be liable to be neglected at Christmas time. She always got for them a gay bandanna turban or some other gift dear to the darkey heart, that there might be none among them forgotten."

In appearance at this time she was noticeable. Her hair, cut short, was already turning gray. She always wore plain black gowns, with long sleeves and high necked collar edged with immaculate white. Her costume was always the same, always exquisitely neat, made of the very best materials, loosely fitted, simply buttoned, with full skirts; it allowed for the fullest possible action, and was noticeably unbecoming. Her rapid, long-limbed stride took no account of clothing and always left all her habiliments floating behind her in the wind of her progress, as one student remarked, "like the draperies of the Victory of Samothrace." Although Swarthmore is a Quaker college, and the people were accustomed to plain dress, even Miss Sanford's warmest admirers bemoaned the fact that she would not dress more becomingly. Two men fifty years later spoke of the ugly congress gaiters she wore. She never

changed her style of dress as long as she taught. The severity and simplicity saved both time, thought and money, that she believed she could use to better advantage in other ways. But she was heard to say after she was eighty years of age that if she had her life to live over again she should do differently about dress. Without doubt she might have smoothed some rough paths for herself if when she was younger she had dressed more nearly in the accepted fashion.

A student describes her at that time as tall, slender, stately, spiritual, with mobile features which lightened and darkened according to the emotions within, filled with enthusiasm for her subject; the upturned faces of her students following her every gesture as she traced some historic event upon a map or outline upon the board. She never prepared any written lectures in undergraduate work, but depended on supplementing the classroom work with brief extemporaneous talks in further illustration of the subject. She was accustomed to making frequent and apt quotations from her wide acquaintance with poetry, and thus made history an introduction to good literature. From rapid fire drill in Roman History with the freshmen to informal talks and discussions with wide col-

lateral reading of the advanced classes, there was never a dull moment anywhere. Student after student testifies to an enduring love of history aroused in her classes at Swarthmore. Henry of Navarre, Louis XI, and others lived again for those boys and girls. Yet they used to think they were very clever when they got Miss Sanford to give the recitation hour to descriptive narrative or to poetry connected with the time. They knew later that they did not deceive her, but that she was choosing to give these things when she saw the time and the interest right for them.

In addition to her work in history she conducted one class in the elements of political economy, based on John Stuart Mill as a text, and she had charge of all the public speaking in the college. In those days every teacher had a heavy program; Miss Sanford in addition to her teaching addressed teachers' institutes in the adjacent counties, gave courses of lectures on history and political economy in summer schools, and eventually was called upon to lecture in Ohio, Indiana, and Maryland. Before she left Swarthmore she was giving illustrated lectures on the art of European countries, a natural outgrowth from her work in history.

The trait, however, for which she was held in

fondest remembrance was the deep, personal interest she took in the moral welfare of some of the young men inclined to be wayward. She placed character rather than scholarship first, and had an especial fondness for boys who were bright and at the same time bad. She used to say "There are plenty of people to love God's children, so I look after the devil's." One boy who was expelled from college she took to her home and kept for a time. After she went to Minnesota his parents sent him to her when he again got beyond their control.

At one time there were a number of troublesome boys in the school. They broke all the rules (one hundred of them which the president had posted) and the authorities regarded them as very wild and intemperate. Most of the faculty wished to expel them, but Miss Sanford pleaded for them. She took them under her especial care and gained their confidence, until they would confess their wrongdoing freely to her. She finally succeeded in getting them to reform their habits and they all kept on at school.

Sunday afternoon was a great day for those she chose to take to walk with her. The country was comparatively wild then, and the woods were very enticing. She used to lead

her little band through them, and then coming to some nice spot to rest she would tell them stories and recite poems. She seemed to have an intuition of what they were going to need in life. Then there were her books at their service. Few could know how much it meant to them. It was not a matter of instruction alone between her and her pupils; everything she had was at their disposal. She gave out of her life and her heart, and it was no wonder she had such power over refractory boys.

More and more time as the years went on Miss Sanford spent at teachers' institutes. In 1873 she was the only woman speaker at the state association, and in fact for many years was the only woman to lecture. Even as late as 1878 the institute circulars contained the statement that "Lady teachers are expected to prepare essays to be read at the day and evening sessions." But "Miss Sanford of Swarthmore will be present the entire session" was a drawing card; and she was the only woman named. In 1876 she opened at Beaumont a course of six lectures by different speakers. Her subject was Honesty in Public and Private Life. Single tickets were ten cents; course tickets fifty cents. Her lifelong

custom was to charge comparatively little for her lectures. From lecturing on primary teaching, geography, history, neatness and order, reading, composition, school discipline, she added to her subjects Luther and the Reformation, and The Labor Question. The Winter holiday seasons were utilized, institutes being held at those seasons; and Miss Sanford finally sent out notices that she could give three days a week to such work. A course of fifteen public lectures in history was finally arranged, beginning with a general survey; then with several lectures each on Greece, Egypt, Carthage, Rome, Venice, France, England. The course began in June, one lecture a week at first. Later the lectures occurred oftener for the convenience of her audiences. This course made the transition to the art lectures of later years both natural and easy. In fact the lectures with slides, an unsual accompaniment in these days, began at this time.

The Pennsylvania School Journal of September 1878 had the following significant remarks about one of the lectures: "The Labor Question was presented by Miss Maria L. Sanford, Professor of History at Swarthmore College in Delaware County. This was one

of the ablest papers of the session, and we heartily commend it to the reader. The subject was discussed from a high standpoint, which affords the advantage of a broad view to the unprejudiced student of history. Miss Sanford's studies have eminently fitted her to treat this subject from such a point of view, as perhaps no other member of the association is equally at home with herself in the wide field of historical literature.

" 'The trouble of our times,' she holds, 'is not accidental, but part of the long struggle of centuries, a phase of that great strife between the privileged class and the multitude, between manhood and caste, which constitutes three-fourths of the whole history of the civilized nations.' She preaches the gospel of labor in no hollow-sounding phrase, and, what is better, practices what she preaches, for in the circle of our acquaintance we know no one who is a more enthusiastic, more tireless, or more effective worker."

The quotation from the lecture has a very modern sound, and the remark about Miss Sanford was one that was very often on the lips of her admirers and friends. It was largely because she did practice what she preached that her words carried conviction. A man

from Poughkeepsie, N. Y., wrote to her in a letter in 1880: "I feel that your lectures are among the best of those on our platform. I believe in soul power and earnestness." He is writing to tell her that a New York friend of his wants her name in his lecture bureau, where he has the names of Colonel Homer B. Sprague, Wendell Phillips, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. As this was just at the time Miss Sanford went to Minnesota, she probably never gave her name to the bureau.

It would be neither right nor best to omit the account of the struggles and hardships which finally resulted in sending Miss Sanford to a larger field of work. If she had been an ordinary person the hardships of her life would have broken her in her youth. In her case the result of the smelting process was pure gold. As has recently been said of a great statesman, there are natures which require austere living always in order to bring out the best in them. The statesman's fall from power was credited to the fact that the austerity of his early life was replaced later by luxurious living. Maria Sanford not only never lived luxuriously, but she had many and fiery trials which came at times near to breaking her wonderful spirit. Three different factors entered

into the final determination to resign her position at Swarthmore.

Although Miss Sanford was the first woman professor and for some years the only one, there were other women teaching at Swarthmore. One of these disliked Miss Sanford. A strong woman herself, devoted to the interests of Swarthmore, she became little short of a persecutor, and she made no secret of her enmity. Miss Sanford was never known to speak harshly of her, but it was partly due to the unhappiness she caused her that Miss Sanford wished to leave the college. Another woman among other things felt that Miss Sanford was neglecting her classes by giving so much time to lecturing and teaching in institutes. Related to some members of the board of trustees, she imbued them with her ideas; so that the very thing which today is one of the greatest factors in favor of a college professor, was at that time considered a disadvantage. In this as in so many other things Maria Sanford was a pioneer. It was years before it was considered a mark of distinction for a college professor to leave his classes in order to deliver public lectures. The trouble caused by Miss Sanford's lectures induced the president to write in regard to the matter:

"By one of those strange perversities in the affairs of this world, the very person who has done the most for our discipline here, whose moral influence is the greatest and best, has been the victim of a most unprovoked attack, but fortunately at the very point where she is strongest. She only needs time and a full knowledge of the facts and motives from the beginning, on the part of all, not only to defend herself, but to make all concerned marvel that any combination of circumstances could have existed which could make it necessary to enter upon a defense."

Maria Sanford was born to lecture as well as to teach, and it never occurred to her to give up lecturing in order to please some of the college authorities. She knew that she was doing much good, and she believed then as most people do now, that a college professor was not necessarily neglecting classes because he was giving public lectures. In 1878 her salary was cut for a year from two thousand dollars to fifteen hundred. Although it was not stated that this was because of dissatisfaction with her lecturing, it was easily inferred that such was the case.

The President wrote to a number of the college trustees that under the circumstances he

could not ask Miss Sanford, as he had expected to do, to take more work. She at once made application for a position elsewhere. The President, in writing to the president of another college on her behalf, averred that she was the best teacher he had met in his experience of twenty-five years. But she remained some years more at Swarthmore. The next year in a letter to a friend of his who had charge of a school the President wrote that Maria Sanford wished to give a course of six lectures to her school. He continues, "I want thee to know her better—I consider her indirect influence over the students here as even of greater value to Swarthmore than her instruction in history, highly as I esteem her as an instructor in that department.

"Our chief lack is the loss of the time of Miss Sanford for three days of each week, making it necessary to sacrifice the history in our large classes A and B and the instruction in Political Economy in the junior class. If this were remedied I could not ask to have the college in better condition."

The three days a week for institute work and lecturing were doubtless granted because of the five hundred dollar cut in salary. The president makes his attitude in regard to the

matter clear to her in a letter in which he says: "Thou hast enough extra work, I am sure, to afford to lose a few classes once in a great while, and no one shall censure thee for that."

In appreciation of her lectures a friend in Baltimore, Maryland, wrote: "At a meeting of Friends they resolved to adjourn their meeting over next week in order to have opportunity to enjoy thy lecture. They never did that before to hear any lecturer. It really was for thee that all those Friends entered into the above arrangement."

A letter written by a member of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Publishers, of Boston, in 1905, shows the effect of her teaching on one student:

"My dear and beloved Professor:

Recently you have been brought to my mind by a rather striking coincidence. I was receiving a call from an intimate friend, and we were comparing notes on teachers who had most influenced our lives and thoughts. I said that one who influenced me strongly was a professor of Ancient History who was so interesting and enthusiastic that even the driest parts of the subject became interesting. Mrs. C. said that reminded her of a professor who

taught English Literature at the University of Minnesota, and I asked could it by any possibility be Professor Sanford and wonderful to relate, it was. I have a picture in my mind of you as you used to sweep into the lecture hall brimming over with enthusiasm so that everyone in the class felt lifted up and carried off to the heights of Olympus. The leaven you implanted has caused me to read extensively in Mediaeval and Modern History, and Social and Economic History."

Another written by a woman in Somerville, Mass., in 1913, has this passage: "One of my dearest pictures on memory's wall is of you in your alcove room and your smile of welcome when I came to call upon you. If I were asked for the names of those who had most influenced me, yours would lead all the rest, for your teaching gave me a love for history which has never left me."

Letters from the president of Swarthmore to Miss Sanford the year after she went to Minnesota show that he felt the loss of her influence over the students. "The place that *thou* held is not likely to be *so* filled in this generation. We sadly miss the zeal and enthusiasm which thou never failed to inspire in thy classes,

and in my time I never hope to see it rekindled to the same extent. Need I tell thee how much I miss thy influence upon all the students, and especially upon the children of the preparatory school. Few are gifted with the power to control so effectually and withal so cheerfully as thou art, and thy inspiring influence upon classes I sadly miss. I had a recent conversation with a teacher who had trouble with certain students, and I advised her to go into the classroom always in a kindly frame of mind toward them if possible, and try the effect. She reported to me that she observed a complete change in these students. Besides many other valuable things I learned this principle of government especially from *thee.*"

Another factor which few people knew anything about caused Miss Sanford heartache and despair. In a letter to an intimate friend written in 1875 is this significant passage:

"With me as the years go by, I feel that I am losing hope. I feel less strong, less confident, less sure of what I am, of what I can do, of the good in what I have done, and even in what I have hoped for. This seems to me the saddest of all the losses which the years have brought. Mrs. Browning has expressed this beautifully in these lines from The Lost Bower:

I have lost the dream of Doing,
And the other dream of Done.

But in spite of all these things I hold that we may and should be glad and rejoice; if we have done earnest, faithful work, we have a right to triumph, to rejoice over our success."

Miss Sanford was at this time thirty-eight years old. She was now to undergo the most tragic of all her experiences at Swarthmore, and the one which must have been finally the deciding factor in her resignation. Soon after the letter just quoted above, she experienced a memorable event which colored all her later life. September 24, 1875, was ever after to her and one other member of the faculty of Swarthmore a day to be referred to again and again as a wonderful day. She loved and was loved by a colleague with whom marriage was impossible. Even to a woman of Miss Sanford's lofty soul and iron courage the five remaining years at Swarthmore must have been little short of torture. During these years she disciplined herself constantly by writing mottoes and "thoughts" for her guidance. As they are the chief means by which she revealed the inner working of her nature some of them are quoted. Miss Sanford was not a voluminous letter

writer, seldom writing except upon business matters. One motto which she gave to the man she loved he referred to twenty-five years later. "The cabalistic 'After suffering, glory' brought a new peace to my mind." And at a later time, "Thy motto is often before me in dark and cheerless days, 'After suffering, glory!' "

That Miss Sanford's great soul was stirred to its depths is shown in the poignant memorandum she made out for her guidance at the beginning of the year 1876: " I thank thee, oh my God, for light. 'Till death us part' it shall be true. I can work for him, seek his happiness, live for him; and receive no sign. Shall I not then be his good angel? That will not be coldness, but the fullness of unselfish love. O God help me! My heart shall not grow cold for I will keep it warm with sympathy and love for others. I will throw my whole soul into my profession. Oh it is hard but it is the rugged path that leads upward always."

The next day there was merely this sentence: "The book is sealed."

A few months later appeared the following: "To be read daily three times. To myself. Goodness and truth and purity never fail to win love and esteem. The utmost kindness that a sister could give."

Students and friends knew at times that Miss Sanford was suffering, but none knew all the causes of her trouble. Girls who roomed near her heard her walking and talking to herself in her room at night, and knew that their beloved professor was greatly distressed. Older friends saw her suffering in her face. But for some years she struggled on, finding strength in striking out for herself the "thoughts" which kept her on her upward path. Some of these clearly have reference to the enemy who had caused her such unhappiness: "Success depends on patience. The patient are those who have learned to suffer; who have learned to fall and rise again. What matter if others triumph outwardly? Unless they can lead us also to give way to jealousy and hatred they have not really triumphed. But if we seek to retaliate then we place ourselves on their level and are indeed conquered. Keep to the upper path! Make your success consist in the growth and beauty of your own soul; then there can be no humiliation from others. What they would make such but strengthens your virtue through the effort to resist the temptation to hatred and revenge."

"My citadel is my character, and this they cannot reach unless they can tempt me to envy and hatred. I will not stoop to this."

"Let others wear their laurels undisturbed; win yours in a field their petty souls cannot enter. Be what they would seem, and the calm dignity of real wealth shall be yours."

"It makes no difference what others have that I have not. I am happy in the abundance that I have, and in the privilege of contributing to the happiness of others."

"We should be ever seeking to *grow* in the direction of all good."

"It is a glorious thing to be the friend of the unfortunate."

"Put all your soul into your work."

"There come to us sometimes visions of duty from which we shrink; we can do much, but not this; we cannot nerve ourselves to take 'The last hard footsteps of that iron crag' which we have climbed with weary feet. But if we triumph in this, rise above our weakness and follow the clear vision though all our selfishness would drag us down, we shall indeed find 'After suffering, glory'."

She gathered strength at this time from one of the type of books which she had resolved as a young girl never to waste time in reading. Some quotations from an anonymous novel published in 1864 under the title of Annie and Her Master evidently related experiences similar in some

respects to her own. "I have done the work I felt called on to do in the way that it was truest to myself to do it; with the rest I have no concern."

"The words were nothing; the tone of such deep and strong tenderness was everything. Is it unbeautiful that an unreasoning fidelity of allegiance should endow with something of the dearness of the man who *so loves her,* all things that are or have been his? He does not love with the self-seeking passion some men call love, but with a love, the strongest desire of which is the good and happiness of what he loves."

The strain after some years told too much on Miss Sanford, until in 1879 she resigned at the close of the college year, without knowing what she was going to do next. Something of what this step cost her is recorded in a note she wrote soon afterward: "My resignation was the fierce grasp of one drowning after something stable, the attempt for mastery of one whose brain was reeling. But that awful struggle was the crisis, and it brought me peace. There are still moments when I give way, but calm reason is sure to triumph."

Some years later a woman wrote to a friend about Miss Sanford: "It sometimes seems to me that some people are sacrificed at Swarth-

more. There was great power in Miss Sanford. And how she worked and fought for others! I know a time when she suffered tortures at Swarthmore; I could see it in every feature. For her to leave there heart-broken as she was, and then rally all her forces and achieve the success that she has since achieved shows a power which very few women possess. I feel deep interest in her welfare, and believe that under some circumstances she might have remained forever at Swarthmore."

And that she achieved what she set herself to do in regard to the man who loved her is testified to in a sentence from a letter some years after she left Swarthmore: "Thy blessed influence, when around and ever near me in those memorable years that are gone, did more than aught else in those days to make and keep me worthy."

For twenty years after Maria Sanford went to the University of Minnesota this friendship was kept up through correspondence. Her advice was asked about the careers of his children; her sympathy for the death of a member of his family. And when it became possible, after Miss Sanford was past sixty years of age, he pleaded with her to become his wife. But Miss Sanford, although she never told her reasons for refusing, doubtless felt that she must

not burden any one else with the great debt she had set herself, in the eighties, to pay to the uttermost farthing. The debt had been contracted after she had been some years in Minnesota; and the paying of the money occupied her until she was eighty years of age.

It was a tremendous thing to decide to leave Swarthmore after ten years of work there. Miss Sanford was forty-three years of age, an age when many women hesitate to make a change from a certainty to an uncertainty; an age which at that time was called a dead-line for teachers. Her emotions were wrought to a high pitch of intensity. While she hesitated in doubt she had an experience which she regarded as an omen, and which decided her to go. She was so unused to such experiences that this one always remained clear in her mind. She had a dream in which she was standing at one end of a long, curving bridge whose further end was lost in mist. While she stood there wondering if she should cross into the unknown, her mother appeared at the other end and beckoned her across. She regarded the vision as intended for her guidance, and thereafter had no doubt of what she was to do. She told a friend late in life that it was the only experience of the kind she had ever had.

CHAPTER IV

THE MINNESOTA PIONEER

In 1879 Miss Sanford left Swarthmore for a year, and busied herself lecturing. The following summer when President Folwell of the University of Minnesota went east to secure additional members for the faculty of the rapidly growing young western institution, he met at Chautauqua among others Maria Sanford, and after half an hour's talk decided that he wanted her on his faculty. He had seen her work at Swarthmore when he visited a friend on the faculty who took him to the classroom of the enthusiastic professor of history. In later years, long after his own and Miss Sanford's retirement, he expressed himself as proud of having "discovered" Miss Sanford for the University of Minnesota.

In 1880, the trip from Pennsylvania to Minnesota to one who had never been farther west than the Middle Atlantic states, was like going into the wilderness, but Miss Sanford was of adventuring spirit, and to her the new land

seemed full of promise. She brought with her a young niece who had been attending Swarthmore college. For the first year they boarded, and the niece became a student at the University. At that time the entire academic college was housed in one building, known to students of later years as the "Old Main." There was a faculty of eighteen. Miss Sanford, made assistant professor of rhetoric and elocution that first year, was the only woman of that rank in the faculty. The first year there were only seventeen graduates in the three colleges of the University. The second year Miss Sanford was made a full professor of rhetoric and elocution. The college was growing but still had a sub-freshman class. There were about three hundred students, one-tenth of them in the Senior class. Miss Sanford entered upon her duties with such energy and enthusiasm that her classes were very large. She gave instruction in composition, in rhetoric, in elocution and oratory to sub-freshmen, freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors. The two upper classes were required to write two essays a term, or to recite one oral carefully prepared. This requirement Miss Sanford in her zeal increased, until it called forth from the President of the Univer-

sity some years later a letter in which he said, "Complaint is made by the students of the Junior class, and by members of the faculty who instruct the Junior class, that the work required in the rhetorical department is in excess of what is stipulated or designated in the catalogue,—that instead of two essays a term, the students are required to write one a week, and that in consequence they are too much burdened. I called to see you, but you were not in. I, therefore, lay the matter before you." To students at the University of Minnesota at the present time those requirements would seem very small, as for more than a decade freshman students have been required to write at least two themes a week. This detail is of interest because there were students as well as members of the faculty during Miss Sanford's three decades of teaching who thought that she gave too little work to her classes. She was perhaps influenced by being criticised so early in her course for the opposite reason.

Here as always Miss Sanford never spared herself. She gave her time, her interest and her encouragement from early morning until late at night, wherever or whenever students needed her. She frequently drilled students

MARIA SANFORD
The Minnesota Pioneer

at four o'clock in the morning for oratorical contests. One District Court Judge in Minnesota, who was one of her early students, recalls her work with him. He says, "She was not only my instructor in a very large per cent. of work during my years of school, but in addition we were very close personal friends. She did me many favors totally disconnected with school work, which materially shaped my future activities. When she first came to the University, I was in the freshman year. Miss Sanford was splendidly equipped for the long period of exacting work upon which she at that time entered. She seemed never to tire. She was continually alert mentally and physically. Her cheerfulness never failed. Her patience seemed never exhausted. She had a keen sense of humor, which frequently tided over difficult situations. I never knew her to use an unkind or discouraging word to a student."

Another student of those early days, a former mayor of Minneapolis, says of her: "Students in the University in those days were constantly quoting Miss Sanford. Her methods of teaching were unique and original and she obtained a good amount of work from her students because they liked to please her. She had great enthusiasm and deep sympathy

for those who especially needed her guidance. In her classes there never was a dull moment. Who cannot remember those impassioned recitals of those poems which appealed to her? I admit it was hard to keep tears from coming to my eyes, as they did to her own eyes, when she repeated The Angels of Buena Vista. I think Miss Sanford put more soul into her work than any other teacher I have known. There was always a spiritual and uplifting note in her work. She helped me in giving me special training in speaking. How often she asked me to come in her spare hour and rehearse to her over and over again some oration I was to deliver. There was no limit to the amount of work she would do for an individual student. Years later when I had become deeply involved in a local political campaign in Minneapolis, I was obliged to do a great deal of public speaking. Miss Sanford watched my course with interest. One morning she came to me to my office saying she had read the substance of an address which I had given the night before, which included liberal quotations. She remarked that she was sorry to find, if the report was true, a grammatical error which was unworthy of me and which she hoped I would not make again. She then

gave me some good advice about the use of my voice in large halls. Then, laughingly apologizing for her gratuitous criticism, she went on her way, no doubt on some other errand of goodness and kindness."

As it was uncommon in those days for a woman to drill young men in oratory, the methods she used are of interest. She was no mean orator herself. Her voice was magnificently trained, and her methods were those of common sense. She drilled her students to express their thoughts adequately. She had no stiff method of elocution or gesture. If a student did not want to make gestures she never tried to make him do so, remarking often that many of the best speakers she had ever heard stood still on the platform, while some of the worst she ever knew about could saw the air more violently than Hamlet's players.

Miss Sanford did not drill her students in elocution alone. Taking their essays and orations she went through them laboriously and severely; never if she could help it did she approve an oration which did not have something to say. Her wide acquaintance with history and economics fitted her to guide and criticise in a masterful manner, whether a student wished to discuss Demosthenes or free trade.

In Miss Sanford's third year at the University she added to her duties the work of the department of English, the head of which was taken sick and later died. She did the work so well that President Folwell publicly thanked her for the wonderful way in which she had handled it. The following year a new man was called to the head of that department, and Miss Sanford returned to her own work as Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution.

Early in the eighties there came the first great crisis in the history of the young University. There was considerable suspicion in the state that the Agricultural department was a college merely on paper, and was of little use to the farmers of the state in any material way. The state Legislature proposed to separate it from the University and make it an independent institution. The President of the University, feeling that it would be a calamity to have the colleges separated, and believing that the Agricultural College met a real need, made before the Legislature a telling plea. Then with the aid of Mr. O. C. Gregg he inaugurated a system of farmers' institutes and asked some of the professors of the University to visit them and familiarize the farmers with the work of the college. Among these speakers was Miss San-

ford. She had already begun her work as a public speaker in Minnesota by teaching at the close of her first college year in the teachers' institute at Excelsior. Now she was asked to speak to the farmers' wives, while the men on the faculty spoke to the farmers themselves; and her talks, which were always homely and to the point, became so popular that the halls in which she spoke soon became too crowded. At one place, when she reached the town hall, she found the stairs and the entrance so crowded that she could not get into the room where she was to speak; with a friend she went outside to a window above the platform on which she was to stand. A ladder was procured and Miss Sanford entered the room through the window, to the enthusiastic applause of all present. Her favorite talk on these occasions entitled How to Make Home Happy proceeded after this fashion: "'But,' says this mother, on whose forehead the wrinkles are becoming deeply set, 'If I were only rich and could have things comfortable, I'd be as good-natured as anybody; but that old broken stove—and Josiah will leave the door open, and he knows it makes it smoke.'

"My good woman, did you ever think that those who have all these disagreeable things to

bear need all the more to have cheerful hearts? Have you ever noticed how even a smoking stove will brighten up and puts its best foot foremost for a pretty, bright-faced, smiling woman? You used to be pretty, and you are not old. Suppose you try a few bright smiles and kind words on the old stove and on Josiah. As for this matter of riches, the bottom plank of my belief is 'money cannot make a happy home.' "

During one of the institutes a railway strike occurred and interrupted the train service. For several days there were no trains of any kind. Miss Sanford had an engagement to lecture forty miles farther up the road. She was determined to keep that engagement, and said if no train came that day she would start the following day on foot. No train came; and so, carrying a little cloth bag containing only her toilet articles, she started up the track on foot. Fortunately by noon a freight overtook her near a station, and she was allowed to ride in the caboose; but had it not come along she would have walked the entire forty miles.

In 1889 enough information had been disseminated among the farmers of the state so that the Legislature passed a resolution "That the unity of the several departments of the Uni-

versity shall always be preserved and that the Agricultural College shall be maintained as an important department. Resolved that we hereby convey the individual pledge of the members of this Legislature that the interests of the University shall be carefully guarded in the future." This resolution, engraved upon a large parchment, was framed and presented to the University. It was hung in a conspicuous place in a new building, Pillsbury Hall, presented to the University by Governor Pillsbury in recognition of this action. Throughout this crisis Professor Sanford rendered valuable service. Many years later a former student wrote to Miss Sanford: "We remember a time when the University was not popular as it is now, when it was hard to get appropriations for it, but when one woman went about in our state and interested people in the institution through her own personality, and we shall not forget it."

The outside work that Miss Sanford did made it necessary for her to have some of her class work at unusual hours. For many years she conducted a class called "Maria's sunrise class." The ordinary professor who had felt obliged to have a class at half-past seven o'clock in the morning would probably have asked the

weak students to attend the class. That would have been in the nature of a punishment, and the class would have been a drag. But Miss Sanford was tactful enough to ask the very best students to her sunrise class; it was felt to be a great honor to be selected as a member. One student, recalling her experience a quarter of a century later, said: "How clearly I remember the cold and shivering discomfort I underwent starting from my distant home before daylight for that early class! The other students as they assembled were equally uncomfortable. How as Miss Sanford came sailing into the room we forgot all about chilblains and frostbite in her brightness and enthusiasm!"

At these early sessions no students enjoyed more than did the professor herself anything that brought a moment of relief to the routine. One morning when the members of the famous class were called on to give their daily quotations the first one repeated the first stanza of the poem Early Rising, by John G. Saxe.

God bless the man who first invented sleep!
So Sancho Panza said and so say I.
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Miss Sanford's head went up, her eyes sparkled, and her face kindled into animation. When the next student went on with the second stanza, she manifested the keenest enjoyment:

> Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep
> (I really can't avoid the iteration.)
> But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
> Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
> Who first invented, and went round advising
> That artificial cut-off, early rising!

And when the eighth student finished the eighth and last stanza she was convulsed with mirth.

Miss Sanford's class room in the Old Main building at first was a small dark room which the students considered very unpleasant; but perhaps no other room ever received so much of the professor's affection. Long after it had been burned and another raised above its ashes, she recorded her memories of it: "The Old Main was not a beautiful building architecturally, though when from the other side of the river one caught a glimpse of its cupola rising from the rich green foliage of oaks surrounding it, the view was by no means unattractive. . . . I well remember the little room beyond the stairs where I for years met my classes, a room so hard to ventilate, I often

thought with my cranky love for fresh air,—so often over-ventilated, as the shivering students thought as they met there the freezing wind straight from the north pole. How vividly I recall the members of those early classes, so many of them the tried and trusted friends of today, and some, with their eager hopes and brief ambitions passed to the distant land. Those days spent in the little, dark, cold class room were to me bright and beautiful years. Years of prosperity and increasing numbers of students and new buildings robbed the Old Main of its dignity as President's office, library, and chapel, and gave to me the more commodious front room for my classes, but though the oaks were beautiful as seen from its windows, and the distant view of the river at sunset glorious, this room never had quite the charm of the dingy little room beyond the stairs. They had delightful associations which could not be transferred."

Miss Sanford wrote this years after the building had burned. She closed her somewhat pathetic memories with a characteristic note: "I should not be true to all my memories if I did not record that when the fire finally took the Old Main, and I stood outside watching the destruction, not only of the building but of

books and pictures which were precious to me, I could not repress a feeling of satisfaction as I thought of the millions of cockroaches being consumed in that holocaust."

The love of fresh air to which she referred in her writing of the Old Main was amusingly illustrated by an incident which occurred early in the eighties. During one winter's vacation, when the fires were allowed to run low, and her work did not, Miss Sanford secured permission to have a wood stove put in her study on the first floor of the Old Main. One afternoon fire was discovered. It had evidently started from a defective flue in Miss Sanford's stove. Considerable damage was done by the fire, and more by the deluge of water that soaked every part of the building. A special meeting of the faculty was called to consider how to care for classes during the period when repairs were being made. The boilers had been started with the idea of drying out the building; and the president's office, where the faculty meeting was being held, was as steamy as a Turkish bath. Finally she could stand it no longer and said, "President Northrop, is it not possible for us to have some fresh air in this room?" President Northrop replied,—"Yes, Miss Sanford, we might let you have another stove."

The second year of her work in Minneapolis Miss Sanford went into her own home, which she later bought, and in which she lived until a few years before her retirement. In spite of this she spent many of her working hours outside the class in her office in the Old Main building. There she retired on Sunday afternoons for quiet and reading. There she worked evenings when she was not away lecturing. There she even, upon occasion, stayed all night and slept on a couch in her private office. The elderly night watchman would see a feeble light glimmering in the front windows of the Old Main and would feel it necessary to investigate for fear of fire. Time after time he found Miss Sanford working late at night; and finally for her own safety, as well as for that of the building, she was asked not to spend the night in her office. She had the misfortune, however, after she had been in Minneapolis a few years, to fall on the ice and hurt her back in such a way that she could not leave her bed for a considerable time. The doctor, in fact, told her that she would never be able to walk again. Miss Sanford did not propose to accept any such decree. She ordered a dray and had her mattress taken to her office at the University, and herself transported to the same place and

there she stayed nights as well as days until she was able to go back and forth. She would get into the class room for her class work and then return to the office, where she would hold her conferences with her students. In this way she kept her work going in regular order.

In spite of sickness, college work and public lectures, the professor gave her home more attention than do many people who have no outside duties. The niece who had come with her to Minneapolis finished her college course, married, and went west. Another young niece fifteen years of age then came to live with Miss Sanford and pursue her education. She first entered preparatory school, and later the University. Miss Sanford's house was commodious and she at once filled it with students, selecting for the most part young men and women who needed work in order to pay their own way through the University. She asked an older sister of the niece who was attending college to come west as her housekeeper. Each of the girls who lived with Miss Sanford was given some duty to perform to help pay for her board: one girl cleaned the lamps; another did the sweeping and dusting; another used to help with the washing. In this way the girls paid a large part of their expenses. Miss

Sanford charged the young men more for board than the women, because there was less that they could do about the house. The plan worked out satisfactorily as long as Miss Sanford lived in that home. It became so popular that she took a second house near-by in which some of the boys and girls slept. She was always insistent on the utmost cleanliness. The rooms were simply but well furnished, and were cheerful with white curtains. The lamps must be shiny, and the dust must be carefully removed. Her young niece who was intrusted with the dusting and with some of the sweeping, was not tidy as a girl, and when her aunt would look sharply into the corners and be displeased if she found dust the young girl would quake; but she found a way after such an experience of reinstating herself in her aunt's good graces. She knew that Miss Sanford did not like to darn stockings. When a drawerful of them had accumulated the young girl would surreptitiously put them into immaculate order; and when Miss Sanford found the stockings neatly darned, the culprit breathed freely again.

Miss Sanford went to bed early and arose at unearthly hours to work. Getting up at three o'clock and finishing before breakfast she did the washing for a family of sixteen with the

help of a young German girl who boarded there for a time. One morning two of the girls were frightened before daylight by hearing stealthy movements outside their window. After shaking in their beds for a time, one got up courage to creep near the window, expecting to see a burglar trying to enter, but found that it was merely Miss Sanford washing the window on the outside.

Another incident she was fond of telling as a joke on herself. One night when she was in great pain she decided that she must go to the kitchen to heat some water for relief. As she sat by the stove waiting for the water to heat, she thought the kitchen needed some cleaning; and so she took the water heated and scrubbed the walls. The next morning when she told the students, she laughingly said she forgot all about the pain, and when she got through scrubbing was surprised to find she was entirely well.

She worked outside her house as well as inside. She sodded the lawn on her hands and knees; she set out trees on the parking in front of her house as an encouragement to the neighbors on the street to do likewise; she piled wood in her back yard early in the morning. One of her colleagues passing by on the sidewalk one day heard her cheerful voice singing,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and just then a stick of wood came flying over the fence almost in his face. One thing she could never master was the use of the scythe. She was always so busy that she hardly took time to eat. She frequently came rushing to the table after the others were seated, but she did not neglect the students at her board. She had a habit of taking a book from which she read; and especially if there was something funny she would read it in order to add cheerfulness to the meal.

She thought the students of those early days had too few diversions. There were no sororities or fraternities then, and there was no organized recreation in the University itself, and so she encouraged those of her household regularly and often to dance on the parlor floors of which she was so careful. She would have them roll up the rugs and set back the furniture and would watch and applaud a recreation in which she herself had never indulged. One time only did some of the students get Miss Sanford to enter somewhat into their fun. Her students had never seen her in anything but plain black; but one evening some of the girls prevailed upon her to dress up in a beautiful gown of the Governor's wife. They arranged

Miss Sanford's hair in the prevailing style, and decorated it with a rose. She descended to the parlor, a perfect stranger to every one who saw her. Even her young niece failed to recognize her aunt, and when the young men in the house learned that it was Miss Sanford they were so astonished that they asked her why she didn't always dress that way. Her own niece had never before realized that her aunt was beautiful. Miss Sanford was so pleased with their appreciation that she ordered a dress made by the same dressmaker but soon returned to her severe black, which she wore up to the time of her death.

Although she wanted her household to have sufficient recreation, she felt great responsibility for their moral welfare. One woman has never forgotten how bad she felt about disobeying Miss Sanford's express wish that no one should leave the house late in the evening without her knowledge. This young girl went coasting one evening at ten o'clock with some of the other students without telling the professor. That evening there was an accident, and in this way Miss Sanford learned of the escapade. She called the girls together and gave them a serious talk which left them thoroughly repentant.

In addition to the students a little lame boy

from the reform school came into the family to stay for awhile. She did so much for him that many years later, a middle aged man, he wrote to her from a neighboring city telling her how much he owed to her help and how he was trying to rear his own boys in the way she had taught him.

About this time she helped also a family of entire strangers who were friends of another professor at the University. The husband, a minister, had broken down in health, and his wife was planning to go with him to Colorado when her friend wrote to her to try Minnesota, and to go to Miss Sanford, one of the biggest hearted women living, who would be a mother to the family. Miss Sanford found a house for them, and helped the wife to find enough students to fill up her house, so that she could earn her living, and bring the children to the west. After the family was settled in the city Miss Sanford became a true neighbor. More than once on Sunday evenings after sitting awhile with them she would say, "Where are the clothes?" and with a cheery word would carry off the wash and do it herself on Monday before going to the University.

During these years, Miss Sanford lectured some winters four or five nights each week all

winter, traveling from fifty to a hundred miles for each lecture, yet never missing a class at the University. As she was more and more sought as a speaker, the people of the state came to understand that she must travel at night in order not to miss her classes; and so when they thought of asking Miss Sanford to lecture, the first question was, "Is there a night train for her?" In these night travels she never took a sleeper, but curled up on the seat of a day coach, where, she insisted, she was perfectly comfortable. She would go directly from the station to her class room for her early morning work, as fresh as if she had gone from her home three blocks away.

CHAPTER V

CHRISTIAN'S BURDEN

Among Miss Sanford's students in the late eighties, were some young men who became interested in real estate. There was a real estate boom in the city, and even the college boys became enthusiastic about buying lots and putting up buildings. One of the young men in Miss Sanford's home became so involved that he gave up his college course and went into the real estate business for a time. He was so successful that the Professor succumbed to the temptation to buy land and put up houses. She bought many lots in her own neighborhood and had dwellings built by some of her students who earned their way through college by doing carpenter work in the summer. Miss Sanford's idea was not to get rich but to help others; and she asked some of her Quaker friends in Pennsylvania and other friends in Connecticut, some of whom were elderly and had a small amount of means, to invest their money in her enterprise, in the hope of providing for their old age.

It is worthy of note that her friends had such confidence in her ability and her judgment that they gave their money unreservedly into her hands. The exact amount she borrowed for this real estate enterprise cannot be determined, but thirty thousand dollars is probably not too much to estimate. Some of it, however, was loaned by rich corporations. For a time everything went well, but the history of the real estate boom was like that of most booms. A collapse came, and caught Miss Sanford at the wrong time. The young student whose example she had followed had sold out before the failure and was a good many dollars richer for his experiment; but she unfortunately lost all the money she had invested. Though this loss was in one way the greatest trial of her life, it was perhaps in another way her greatest blessing. For a few years she was so harassed that her work at the University suffered. Students did not know what was troubling her; some of them thought that she was lecturing too much and slighting her class work. They sensed the fact that she was not her usual self. Without knowing anything of the straits she was in they resented what they thought was lack of interest in her work and began to show dissatisfaction with the overburdened professor. She was

caricatured in the Gopher, the annual production of the Junior class, and a petition finally presented to President Northrop asking to have her dropped from the faculty. Hurt as she was, she felt that her work was too valuable to make it advisable for her to be dropped. She redoubled her efforts, braced herself to meet the trial, and keep on with her class work, giving of herself more and more every day. To her firm friend Governor Pillsbury she confided her difficulties; and he with his strong business sense advised her to go into bankruptcy and pay as much as she could of her debts. Some of the foremost bankers in the city gave her similar advice, but she would not listen, and declared that if her life was spared she would pay every cent of the money she owed, both principal and interest. To her glory and honor she paid that debt, although it took her more than thirty years. Not until she was eighty years of age did she feel free. Men who urged her repeatedly to do what any reputable business man would have felt it right to do, honored her so greatly for refusing that they are still talking of it.

Just how much money Miss Sanford borrowed it has been impossible to learn, as she never kept account books; but large sums from

different people are on record. From one friend in the east she borrowed eight thousand dollars. After she had paid three thousand of the principal, this man offered to forego the interest and from that time on she paid fifty dollars a month on the principal. This man, eighty-five years old before the debt was paid, had an invalid wife and a frail daughter, all of whom had to live on the money that Miss Sanford was able to send him. Yet he never lost faith in her and in one letter wrote: "I appreciate the efforts you have made, and the severe trials through which you have passed. Not many men or women, I fear, would have done so nobly. Still you have only proved yourself to be the Maria L. Sanford that N. W. Terrell told us you were, and that I believed you to be from what I saw in Middlefield in May, 1867, and in Chester County later."

Some years later, in another letter, he reiterates: "I have absolute confidence in your integrity, and I have had abundant reason to have." When this debt was finally liquidated in 1908, the aged man wrote as follows: "This brings to a finis one feature of our protracted experiences in finance that have been running now for nearly twenty-one years. While we have both been disappointed, it gives me pleas-

ure to know and say that I have found you in all these trying circumstances the very soul of honor and integrity. It was forty-one years ago last May that I first met you. . . . Your character has been put to a test that you did not seek nor expect, and it has been strengthened and brightened thereby. These qualities you will carry with you from this little island of time on to the great continent of eternity. . . . Certainly thine has been a rather remarkable career. I have lived eighty-four years and have met many teachers, but I can recall none whom I think entitled to the credit due thee. Few have taught as long, and not one that I have known contended so long and so bravely against adverse fortune, and in behalf of kindred and friends as thee has. . . . Then the last twenty years of thy history;—well, it reminds me of what I have read of the closing years of Walter Scott. Although thee has not been able to do all for me that I hoped financially, thee has fully sustained my ideal of moral integrity. Very soon with us dollars will disappear, but character, all that will be left us, will endure. . . . I enclose thy note; as a relic it will be of more interest to thee than to me. The pecuniary results of our acquaintance have not fully met our desires and expect-

ations, but with one result I at least ought to be satisfied, for I have put Solomon in the background! 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found.' Ecclesiastes 7:28."

From an elderly woman Miss Sanford borrowed six thousand dollars. That this friend also appreciated the effort made to repay her is shown in a letter written more than twenty-five years after the money was borrowed: "On April ninth I wrote you and cancelled your note and sent it in my letter. My daughter wrote, hoping to get word to you at Seattle about seeing her friend, and as you did not refer to either letter we know they could not have reached you. I do not like to risk sending this check back without asking you if it will be safe. I do not consider it mine. Perhaps you will receive my letters sometime after they have traveled around the country awhile." Miss Sanford was at the time on a lecture tour. A few days later she wrote again: "I was glad to get your good long letter, and thankful I have relieved you of some of your financial burdens. You give me credit for being more generous than I was, for with the April check you finished paying all except the last thousand, according to my accounts. I am glad to close

the book, so do not give yourself any thought about it. I put that check in the stove." She refused to let Miss Sanford pay the last thousand dollars of the debt.

A letter from a Minnesota business man only a year before Miss Sanford's death shows that still another one felt the force of her endeavor: "Both my wife and I are amazed at your great activity and ability to give such constant attention to that heavy task of public speaking, with its many inconveniences and discomforts. When we think of all the good you are accomplishing these days of unrest and pressing problems, we realize how great a blessing your leadership is in directing our thoughts along right lines, and I feel that I am almost heartless to let you strive to keep up these monthly payments. Now I think it is time to say 'Well done' to you as an expression of our high regard and esteem, and as a testimonial to your great leadership and helpfulness we want you to accept the remainder due; and in any event the obligation is truly paid, and you cannot pay it twice."

Other evidences of a similar feeling came to Miss Sanford from people in various parts of the country. From the family of a deceased creditor she received a cancelled note for sev-

eral hundred dollars. Among all her creditors there seemed to be only one person who had a different feeling. To this man, a rich business man, she owed eight thousand dollars. For some years he was a prominent member of the Board of Regents, and that may have had a bearing on the difficulty that Miss Sanford had in keeping her position in the University. On different occasions he had his lawyer write to Miss Sanford. One of the letters is as follows: "I must now insist that without any further delay you give attention to my letter of the 29th ult. in reference to the ——— note. Not hearing from you I have made several attempts to see you, but without avail. I will ask you to telephone us tomorrow, and let me know when and where I can see you in reference to the note. To be entirely fair with you, I am obliged to say that inattention and indifference on your part will not only be of no avail to you, but will prove a detriment. The propriety of your course is another matter. The note must be fully paid or its payment definitely and certainly provided for at once." In 1913 Miss Sanford finished paying this member of the Board of Regents.

Her method all the years of paying back the money she owed was to set aside each month as

much of her salary as she could possibly spare and pay each of her creditors in turn a certain per cent. of what she owed. She began with the oldest people and those most in need. Some of these died before the debt was liquidated. Naturally, those to whom she owed most were the last to be paid in full.

The Chicago Banker of June 15, 1907, in an article entitled The Banker a Man of Judgment, gives this tribute to Miss Sanford's effort:

"On the east side of Minneapolis and near the University lives a woman involved in the panic, who was paying her debts out of her hard earned salary and meager income, money which she needed for her advancing years. In sympathy for her I said,—'Professor, men go through bankruptcy and get rid of such debts. If you do not want to do that way, let me arrange a compromise, and you pay fifty cents on the dollar. Your creditors are rich corporations, and it will not hurt them to lose a little.' Was she pleased at my proposition? Did she thank me? Nay, verily! She rose in her righteous indignation and spurned my suggestion. She said, 'My father taught me when I was a child that when storms of adversity attacked me I was not to yield weakly to the

gale, but rise and fight the blast. I could not sleep in my grave unless I paid my debts, and I shall pay them in full.'

"I had to permit that noble woman to pay my bank, as she paid others, to the last dollar. If some morning you see in stirring headlines that a new wonder has appeared in southeast Minneapolis, and that Elijah's chariot of fire and flaming horses have again swept down to earth, and that our beloved professor has been caught up to the heavens, do not be surprised. Only pray that her mantle of integrity may fall upon a worthy successor."

She said at one time that she allowed herself only thirteen dollars a month for her personal use; and for more than thirty years, even until she was past seventy-five years of age, she walked where much younger and more healthy women rode on the street car. She ate always the plainest food, she dressed always in the simplest, most austere fashion, she did not even allow herself white at her neck and wrists. Her house had no luxuries. The rooms of students were comfortably furnished; her own room was austere to bareness, without even an easy chair. She was a great lover of good living, of good food, but one day she was speaking with enthusiasm of a very good dinner she had

just eaten at her home, and remarked that she had had a potato stew for dinner. She told one friend that she did not even use a match whenever she could use a paper spill instead. She split her own wood for the kitchen fire. She piled the wood in piles. She rose at two o'clock on Monday mornings and did her own washing for the house. She got down on her hands and knees and scrubbed her own floors. Students who were early risers sometimes saw a strange sight, that of Professor Sanford trundling a wheelbarrow toward her home from some place near-by where she had been picking up wood or chips, but none of the students ever knew why these strange, unheard of things were being done. She was sensitive to criticism, but when she knew she had something to do no amount of criticism could swerve her from her chosen path. Her feelings were hurt more than once at class plays when some facetious student would imitate Maria Sanford in dress and action. Not even her colleagues on the faculty were aware of the burden she was bearing. Many of them considered her stingy because she spent so little money on herself and was so averse to riding on the street cars when that seemed the natural thing to do.

One other way of saving money became so well known and so much talked of that the papers of the country during the world war spoke of the fact that an old lady, eighty years of age, was traveling across the country, giving patriotic lectures and refusing to ride in a sleeping car as long as the boys were suffering such hardships in the war. The railway conductors and passengers who spread this story had no means of knowing that for thirty years before this time Miss Sanford had been doing a similar thing; in fact she never slept in a Pullman car. She had always saved that money. Once some years before the war she was invited to lecture in northern Saskatchewan. Money was given her for her fare and for her sleeper. She remarked that she had ridden in a day coach; and when the horrified listener asked if the Canadian people had not given her money for a sleeper she said certainly they had, but she knew of no easier way to make ten dollars than to save it and ride in a day coach. The remarkable thing about Miss Sanford's riding in the day coach during the war was not that she was saving money because the boys couldn't have comfortable sleepers, but that she was riding in a day coach at an age when most women are unable to ride on

the cars at all. She was past eighty years of age when America entered the war.

With this strenuous, ascetic, Spartan kind of living she reduced little by little the great debt on her shoulders, even though her salary at the University was cut at one time one-third, and was never raised until two years before her retirement at the age of seventy-two. When she retired she said to a friend that she hoped in three years more to be able to finish paying the debt, but at the end of the three years told another friend that she must make before her death fifteen thousand dollars. How she made that amount of money in the next eight years it is impossible to tell. She averaged probably not more than ten dollars a lecture. She gave many lectures for nothing; some for two or three dollars; a very few lectures for one hundred or two hundred dollars; but as nearly as can be estimated from the very imperfect and irregular accounts she kept, her lectures probably did not average more than ten dollars each. She once made a written statement to the effect that she earned on an average four or five hundred dollars a year lecturing. Yet at the time of her eightieth birthday, in 1916, she wrote on a little scrap of paper a memorandum in which she said, "My debts are now all

paid but four thousand dollars. Now I can begin to live for others instead of living for myself as I have always had to do." A remarkable statement for one who never had lived for herself! How the four thousand dollars was paid in the next four years it has been impossible to learn; but that her debts were satisfied in some way or other seems probable from the fact that her executors stated a year after her death that nobody had presented any claims.

When in the late eighties the petition mentioned above was written asking for her removal, there were many students to stand by her. A group of men in the junior class went to see President Northrop to intercede in her behalf. One of the girls in that class was so troubled by the attitude toward her beloved professor that now, after thirty years, she feels that her University course was spoiled for her. There were only six girls in the class, but each of the six was particularly interested in some man of the class, several of whom were opposed to Miss Sanford. This young woman refused to have any thing to do with the Gopher of that year, and succeeded in thwarting some of the plans for the class play. The managers of the Gopher had the temerity to ask Miss Sanford

to excuse them from the recitations while they were at work on the book, which was to hold her up to the ridicule of the state.

Some students believed that the opposition to Miss Sanford was founded on a sort of sex antagonism. Miss Sanford's ideas for and about women were then fifty years ahead of her time. That Susan B. Anthony's appearance at the chapel should be the signal for nearly all the young men to cut the exercises is a case in point. When one of the boys was asked his reasons for the discourtesy he answered, "We despise all she stands for." Though Miss Sanford was not at that time a suffragist she was a friend of Susan B. Anthony and a believer in woman's rights. Her method of dress without doubt was another factor that created antagonism among some of the men, as well as among many of the women. Her methods of teaching also were at the opposite pole from that of many of the other teachers. She paid little attention to the text book, whereas it was common in those days for instructors to stick closely to the words of the text. She was not methodical, and did not adhere closely even to a subject. She was not logical in her thought, but was constantly carried away by the beauty of some literary gem which she would give to her stu-

dents. Those who profited by it thought this of more value than all the textbook work of their other instructors. This unusual method of teaching, with her unusual appearance and advanced ideas brought about the trouble with the students which added to her already overburdened life.

Her heart communings over the distress in her life resulted as so many times with her in the writing out of thoughts for her guidance. Those written at this time reveal much of her belief in the purpose and end of life: "No matter what comes to us, how we are 'battered by the shocks of doom,' if it but develop what is highest in us. What is the highest? I think it is the power to *stand alone,* power to seek the best things. Is not the highest end of life power and will to minister unto others? How can we minister if we have not been taught in the school of adversity? The best thing we get is not joy but strength."

Another undated "thought" may well belong to this period. It is too helpful to pass by: "We know that some people are speaking well of us all the time. Why not believe it of all, and get the reward of joy in our own hearts, and if we should chance to smile cheerily on some one who was cherishing unkind thoughts of us the

smile will not make those thoughts any more bitter and may perchance awaken kindly ones."

In spite of her harassed state of mind Miss Sanford's teaching was not at this time confined to University class work. For several years she taught three evenings a week at the Woman's Boarding Home in Minneapolis, a home conducted for young working women. She asked only to be assured of enough students to give her two dollars an evening. Each girl paid twenty-five cents a lesson, and the superintendent was enabled to fill up her own room with girls for each class. So enthusiastic were the young women that instead of two dollars she received seven or eight dollars each evening. In the three years she gave a course in Browning, one in Kipling, and one in Riley, and some years later, after she had had a wonderful trip to Europe, she gave an art course to these young women using the beautiful photographs she had brought back.

Another group of women in the same house took a course of lessons from her. These were teachers who wanted to refresh themselves with authors they already knew. Miss Sanford gave them two or three hours an evening instead of one. She was so enthusiastic about her work that one very blizzardy day when she

fell on the ice and dislocated her shoulder she appeared at seven o'clock sharp for her class; and at nine o'clock insisted on going home alone instead of staying all night as she was urged to do.

Her interest in the individual was so sincere that the superintendent at one time ventured to send to her a girl who had come mysteriously from the east, a college girl without money. She had probably run away from home, but never explained how she came to be in want. The superintendent in a puzzle sent her to Miss Sanford, who gave her money from time to time, and tried in various ways to help her earn some for herself.

In addition to teaching and lecturing, housekeeping and looking after her neighbors, she preached upon occasions. The one Friends' church in Minneapolis, small and frequently without a pastor, was one in which she was especially glad to preach whenever she was asked.

At one period she preached for six months in a Universalist church which was without a pastor. When asked on various occasions what she talked about, she said "Religion." Indeed, it was difficult to gather from Miss Sanford's preaching whether she had any formulated

creed. She was considered very liberal, and every one who spoke of her preaching remarked upon its lofty spiritual quality. A judge who attended this church said he always went out from the service feeling lifted up, glad that he had heard the sermon, but unable to reproduce even the main points in the talk. He always had the feeling that Miss Sanford's sermons were not well thought out, were not logical; but that the spiritual effect was very marked. Her preaching never jarred; she was general, never specific. He was always reminded of Whittier's Eternal Goodness when he thought of her.

A part of one sermon, which has been preserved, may throw some light upon Miss Sanford's belief. Her text was, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "I do not wish to deny the personality of God, but I cannot conceive or comprehend what a spirit is. That which I see of God is law, unerring and changeless, but none the less beneficent, none the less our Father. It is the very fact of the changelessness of God that makes His greatness, that makes our trust in Him. The old idea of a God dealing out only goodness and kindness makes necessary the idea of a devil. God was good, but here was evil; God was just but here was

injustice! But our idea of God being law gets rid of this difficulty. 'I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me.' I think that all through the operations of law right is stronger than wrong, and goodness stronger than evil. Law goes on. It develops certain organisms. They have their weaknesses, and these lead to their destruction. The weaker creations always yield in the battle to the stronger, the purer, the nobler ones. The things that are nearer to perfection, nearest to God are the things that will at length inherit the earth. But this is a process that is slowly worked out, and worked out through the lines of law, not by the absolute crushing of God's hand, wiping out all wickedness. . .

"God comes near unto us. He is not far off even though we call him long and seemingly in vain. I do not disclaim a personality in God. I am not able to comprehend. I have nothing to say. I only say that these are but a part of His ways. The grandeur of eternity I cannot comprehend, but we see Him on earth and near to us. The most trivial things are under the law that is unerring. The greatest movements of the universe are bound by that same law."

To some who knew her in her home Miss Sanford's religious feeling seemed more a matter of feeling for what is beautiful in morals and in the literature of the Bible than the outcome of strong, personal faith. This was probably due to the fact that like many Puritans she seldom talked about her private beliefs. The care with which she kept and referred to a passage from George MacDonald is perhaps as clear an indication as one needs of her attitude towards religion: "Life and religion are one or neither is anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor the medicine of being. It is life essential."

So indifferent was she to some observances which many consider essential that she sometimes surprised and at other times shocked conventional people. Early one Sunday morning, for instance, after noticing a hole in the road near her home, and fearing some one might be hurt in passing, she wheeled ashes to fill the place and continued until good citizens began to pass by to church. At another time she discovered on Sunday morning that the potatoes in the cellar were sprouting; and as that was the only day she could spare she took care of her vegetables then. In such respects she de-

parted from the Puritan teachings of her youth. Necessary manual labor was at all times and in all places dignified and natural. One Saturday when she had been asked to speak to a gathering of teachers she rose early and cut up a quarter of beef before going to her lecture. At the home of a superintendent of schools in a town where she often lectured she used to help her hostess with the work.

No small amount of unpleasant comment resulted from her long time custom of collecting in her skirts on her way to the class room in the Old Main stray papers defacing the beautiful campus knoll. These she deposited in a safe place until some gloomy morning when she used them to make a bright fire in the fire place in her class room; remarking smilingly as the students assembled that the material for the fire had cost the University nothing. As the University hired men to keep the campus clean critics thought a professor might find a worthier and more dignified use for her time.

Some time after her death a student of the earlier days related another incident which had always touched her deeply. Before University Avenue was paved, there was at one time a mud puddle of some size just at the main entrance to the campus which girls had consid-

erable difficulty in crossing. Miss Sanford on her walk of three blocks from home several times a day carried each time a little bag of sand which she emptied into the water until the girls could cross dry shod. Not heralded like Sir Walter Raleigh's picturesque act but of essentially the same type!

The more thoughtful students began at length to see something of the purpose animating the unconventional acts of the only woman professor in the University and the "Gopher" from time to time recorded the change in sentiment. In one number toward the close of her first decade in Minneapolis appeared the admiring tribute:

> A woman tropical, intense,
> In thought and act, in soul and sense.

A longer characterization in verse by the students of this period has the whimsical tone of abashed admiration and affection:

AFTER ALL

Though she's always in a hurry, in a flutter and a flurry,
And she never seems attired for the ball;
Noble qualities defend her and her soul is warm and tender—
She's a pretty good Maria after all.

Though sometimes her little dealings may not soothe a person's feelings,
And he lets his temper fly beyond recall;
Still these deeds are done in blindness, and her heart is full of kindness—
She's a pretty good Maria after all.

Though she may not quite remember in her bustle each September
All the names of those who came to her last fall:
Still perfection's a delusion, and we come to the conclusion—
She's a pretty good Maria after all.

When her spirit has departed where the true and noble hearted
Find reception in the great celestial hall;
When her mortal dust is sleeping, we shall whisper softly weeping—
She's a pretty good Maria after all.

CHAPTER VI

THE NEIGHBOR

Miss Sanford's love for Minneapolis was shown in her attempt to make it more beautiful. The desire for municipal beauty was hardly awake in this country but the Professor determined to arouse her own city at least to its desirability. To this end she founded in 1892 the Minneapolis Improvement League. Its sole purpose was the beautifying of the city. Miss Sanford conceived the ambition of keeping the city as it increased in size free from the slums which used to be considered an unavoidable nuisance in any large city. Her endeavor was always to prevent evil rather than to reform it. A favorite motto of hers was an epigram of Horace Mann: "One former is worth a thousand reformers." Thirty years have passed and the league is still in existence. For the most part, the members were women, but at different times prominent men of the city were active in the work of the association. The con-

stitution stated that "the object shall be to promote the cleanliness, health and beauty of the city. This organization shall keep clear of all political or party complications, its object being to promote intelligent co-operation between the people and the people's officers in making Minneapolis one of the most healthful and beautiful cities in the world." Meetings have been held monthly for the past thirty years except during the summer season and during the world war.

The idea of the formation of the League came from work that had been done in New York and Chicago and in Whitechapel in London. Early in its organization seventy-five women were enrolled as members. The president proposed to distribute circulars that advertised cleanliness and beauty, and to cultivate friendly relations with building authorities. Placards were placed in the street cars asking people not to spit on the floor. Spitting on the street cars at that time was such a nuisance that one member of the League said she was obliged to buy newspapers to put on the floor before she got on the car. The League was also asked to attend to the matter of spitting on the floor in the post office. By strenuous work in time they secured a city ordinance

making it unlawful to spit on floors of street cars or of sidewalks.

Professor Sanford herself attended personally to various improvements. She prepared a pamphlet on the disposal of garbage and other similar subjects helpful to young housekeepers; this paper she was asked later to read before the Women's Council. A doctor on the health board a few years later, told the League that the arrangements they had made for house to house collection of kitchen refuse was a vast improvement over any previous arrangement. Miss Sanford saw the commissioner of one of the city wards and persuaded him to have snow cleared from gutters and manholes. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals asked the League to see what could be done to prevent having rubbish in the streets that would injure horses. Miss Sanford called attention to the matter through the newspapers. In 1895 she proposed a year of experiment with public bath houses, the friends of the measure to finance the experiment. In order to arouse interest in this measure she gave an account of her visit to the Health Protective Association at Philadelphia. The League was the first body to discuss the early closing of business on Saturday afternoons, and in other ways the

bettering of conditions of employees, such as the cashing of checks by employers.

As was natural with a society of this kind the work of greatest interest was with the school children of the city. Beginning in 1893 and continuing for ten years, the League gave flower seeds to the small children for planting in their gardens at home, giving seeds at first to two schools. The results were so gratifying that the work was increased from year to year. At first Miss Sanford visited the schools and gave prizes for the best flowers raised. Later a special committee from the League membership went to the homes and inspected the gardens, giving prizes to the best ones. The first year twenty such gardens received prizes. As the work grew, the room in each school having the largest number of prize gardens was awarded a beautiful framed picture. These were the first works of art in the public schools of the city. When money was needed to pay for the pictures Miss Sanford gave courses of lectures on the subjects of the pictures selected, charging ten cents admission. In the course of ten years she gave half a dozen courses of such lectures.

The fourth year fourteen thousand children were supplied with seeds, and the tenth year

forty thousand. The fifth year more than one hundred pictures were given as prizes. Though the membership of the League had increased by this time to nearly two hundred, Miss Sanford's lectures were needed to raise money enough to pay for so many pictures; notwithstanding that the art dealer, a public spirited citizen, gave several outright.

The children were asked to give some of their flowers to the sick. They were also asked to co-operate with the League in the extermination of the Russian thistle and the sand bur. For this they were formed into brigades which brought loads of the obnoxious weeds and burned them at the school. A street inspector of Chicago was so much interested in their results that she organized the school children of that city into bands to help keep Chicago clean and beautiful.

The Minneapolis Park Board one year presented bulbs for winter planting to a number of schools; and the State Fair Association exhibited one year sixty bouquets from the gardens, awarding prizes to six of them. Teachers found the work the most enjoyable of the year, and the Minneapolis School Board sent a formal vote of thanks to the League.

Two years after the formation of the League

it was admitted to the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and three years later to the State Federation, which asked the League to give a report of its work to the Omaha Exposition. In this year, 1897, Miss Sanford resigned from the presidency because of the pressure of other duties; but promised faithfulness to the body as far as her time would permit. The members then thought it fitting to make her an honorary president for life. Some years later she was again made active president for four years.

By 1897 the work of the League was so well known that women from other states were eager to learn the various methods used for improvements. The Park Outdoor Art Association asked Miss Sanford to present the work of the League to its members, as a result of which the League was invited to become an auxiliary to this body. Her paper was printed in the annual report of the association and also in the southern magazine American Homes. The League thus became so well known that inquiries poured in from all over the country.

The work with the school gardens increased in scope when in 1898 the Government and Minneapolis seed firms gave vegetable seeds to boys who wanted them. Professor Shaw of the

Agricultural College gave wheat to any who wished to experiment in raising it; for some years, too, he showed the boys of two schools near his home how to care for vegetable gardens. The League showed their appreciation of his services by making him an honorary life member of their association.

The children had by this time learned to raise flowers for their own sake, because they loved them. So many of the schools had been furnished with pictures that the committee experimented with plaster casts for prizes; but as it was difficult to interest the children in them, prizes of any kind were at length discontinued. Instead, the children were given shrubs with which to beautify their home lawns. Rose and lilac bushes and strawberry plants were given to those children who wanted them. The standard work on horticulture by Professor Green of the Agricultural College was put into all these schools and into the library, and the children encouraged to inform themselves on the best method of gardening.

Interest in what the women had accomplished became so wide spread that a group of public spirited men asked them to undertake the opening of a summer playground in some public school yard, the men to pay for the expense of

the experiment. The permission of the School Board was obtained, a supervisor hired, and the public asked to contribute toys and sand. Miss Sanford was made chairman of the committee on this work. One member of the League taught swimming at this school, and another collected reading matter. The men who paid for the playground were made honorary members of the League. The experiment was so successful that the next year two playgrounds were conducted. The following season the School Board offered to conduct a manual training class; and the society of the D. A. R. presented the playground schools with flags.

In the year 1902 the League supported the industrial and playground work, with the principal of one of the schools to overlook it. The following year five hundred were attending the summer schools; three buildings were in use, and nine teachers employed. Letters from as far east as New Jersey and Boston were received asking about the results of the work. In 1904 a thousand children were taught manual training, cooking, sewing and nature study. After five years the League turned this work over to the School Board, which has conducted it since.

Another field of work suggested by Miss San-

ford had a far reaching effect. She set forth the need of an educational committee which should see that the schools were visited by persons competent to suggest needful changes and improvements. The suggestion was favorably received; Miss Sanford was made chairman of the mothers' educational committee. They worked for better janitor service in the schools, for the abolishment of basement school rooms. Such were the modest beginnings of the present thoroughly organized parent-teachers' associations in the city schools.

Many other improvements for which the League worked met with less notable success. It tried to have the street car signs improved; to have signs removed from trees and posts; and to have a law forbidding the defacement of the landscape by huge signs in glaring colors; but the city still suffers from them all. Not until an outspoken European visitor wrote of the horror of the billboards everywhere confronting the traveler in the United States did a planning commission take steps to do away with unsightly advertising.

The city water of Minneapolis had for some years been unsatisfactory, and the League took up the question of a pure water supply. Through its sub-committee on pure water, it

secured the appointment of the first Pure Water Commission and the first submission to the people of filtration bonds. This was accomplished by arduous effort on the part of the League. Meetings were held in different parts of the city to arouse public interest, dodgers were printed urging attendance, and an expert was brought from New York. In the course of time an improved water supply was obtained.

In 1898 the state fire warden aroused public spirited women to the necessity of preserving for a state park the handsome body of forest around Cass Lake, which included the Cass Lake Indian reservation. The women's clubs at once became interested, and the next year the president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, accompanied by Miss Sanford and one other woman, went to Washington and interviewed the President, members of Congress, committees on Indian affairs, the Bureau of Indian Rights, the Commissioner of Public Lands, and the Secretary of the Interior with encouraging results, although nothing was done that year with reference to the reserve. The clubs continued to work vigorously to prevent the destruction of the valuable forests by lumbermen. After four years a bill was finally passed in 1902 saving this and eventually other valuable

forest areas to the state. During these years Miss Sanford worked untiringly toward this end.

At the close of the first ten years of the work the League was acting with the Park Board, the Commercial Club, the Board of Education, the City Council, the Board of Health and the State Legislature. Affiliation with so many organizations made the members consider the advisability of disbanding. But as after deliberation they felt there was a real place for such a club, they discontinued their work only during the world war, and resumed it in 1921. Twice the League gave public expression of appreciation of its founder and most untiring worker; once in 1912, when it made Miss Sanford its delegate to the Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at San Francisco; and again in 1916, when it held a public reception at the West Hotel in honor of Miss Sanford, who had again for four years been active president.

As long as Miss Sanford remained an active member of the University faculty civic work of any kind occupied only a minor place in her activities. As the University increased in size, her classes increased in proportion. In 1890 there were a thousand students. The money available for her department was not sufficient

to give her an adequate amount of help, so that both the number and the size of her classes increased with time. To stimulate the work in oratory in Miss Sanford's department, Governor Pillsbury gave for some years prizes for the best orations of the year.

Miss Sanford conceived in 1890 a plan by which the members of her classes could have the use of many of the best text books in Rhetoric and the history of art, sculpture, and architecture, the lives of artists, copies of beautiful poems and essays, without being asked to buy a great number of books. For her work she considered the few copies of such books accessible in the library to be inadequate. She therefore bought sets of books and rented them to the students for a dollar a year. This method required the work of assistants to give out and collect the books and keep the records. In spite of their best efforts so many books were lost every year that she was out of pocket. The method was not altogether satisfactory to the students, either, nor to some members of the faculty. There was for a considerable time a suspicion that she was making money renting books. As that was not considered ethical for a university professor, she had to endure considerable criticism.

As the years passed those who had left college began to appreciate the value of Miss Sanford's teaching. One former student in writing to her said, "I have thought of you at different times,—how much you have had to put up with in many ways; how brave and cheerful you always are, and with what vigor you meet each new discouragement and perplexity. I wish I might hope that my life troubles, when they come, would find as brave and true a spirit, a heart as warm and tender, and a mind as able and vigorous as yours."

Another student the same year wrote from a larger university in an eastern state. This man remarked in his letter that he was sixteen years of age before he saw this country, and had to earn his own living while he went through the whole school system of the state of Minnesota. Said he: "This is a great institution of learning. I am proud of it, and glad to be one of its students, but I miss here that pleasant, intimate and confidential relation with persons in whose good will and superior intellect and character I could firmly believe. I have often heard you say in the class room that you did not consider it your only duty to teach rhetoric and composition, but also to help us to become better men and women. I think that

I even then appreciated your kind thoughtfulness to a very great extent, because I had occasional individual talks with you, and always received your more than kind assistance in whatever form I needed it, but I am learning to appreciate it still more now when I miss it and can no longer have it either in the class room or elsewhere. I have found nothing of that here, Miss Sanford. My professors are chemists, and I know them only as such. Of course they are good chemists and good teachers of chemistry, and as I came here to study chemistry, I ought to be satisfied. I get all that I pay for,—all that I expected to get. I only wanted you to know how I feel about it, and that my memory of you will always be a little more fresh, a little more pleasing than that of any other professor, because you are something more than a paid instructor,—a kind and trusted friend."

In the spring of 1895 Miss Sanford was away from the University for a time and her assistants carried on the work. A letter written by one of them gives not only an insight into the work of the department, but some pleasing touches about the University: "I have felt impelled to break through the thick crust of habit that makes the writing of letters a rare and

strange thing to me, and to assure you that in the place of your far eastern sojourn you are not quite unthought of by your friends and fellow workers at home. It is a good thing perhaps to have the invisible cords that bind you to Minnesota pulled a little by the people of the western end so that you may not grow wanton in your freedom and forget that, however far the ball may have been unwound, the stake that holds it is planted firm and deep in the soil of our own college campus. But I do not believe that your memory of Minnesota friends needs more than a very gentle jogging. I can fancy you thinking of us, not so very often perhaps; for the happy present craves, I doubt not, the largest part of you all for itself. Miles unite as well as divide people, and I can well imagine that even in a milder climate, and among your own kinsfolk your heart warms toward frosty Minnesota.

"The little world of which you are center and sovereign seems to run on with tolerable smoothness in your absence. You gave the hoop so strong a push before leaving it, perhaps it will keep on rolling from its own momentum until you get back to it. A few events have broken the university routine since you left us. We have entered a term; we have

moved into the new building; we have had a visit from the Legislature. There was much begging by the Governor and many sallies by the President, and no end of compliments and promises from the flattered legislators. The Minnesota Magazine, which I have not read, but which strikes me as rather light, scrappy and popular, has taken the air for the first time in a delicate pink costume. And we have had, too, the Chicago man, Professor Moulton, a little fantastical and theatrical, but of delightful vigor and withal a man of larger build than the usual lecturer on his class of subjects.

"I hope you are doing for yourself in an intellectual sense what you are fond of doing for your class room at home,—suspending the routine, throwing open all the windows and taking a good general airing,—letting your cares flutter and blow away as your papers are wont to do under like circumstances, and drinking in with greedy lungs the refreshment and stimulus of the great outside world. I will not advise you to take a rest; I should almost as soon hope to persuade old Time to take a vacation; but I hope you will be moderate in your industry, and not work more than thirty-six hours out of the twenty-four. You must understand, last of all, that you are not on any account to

answer this letter. If it gives you any pleasure I do not want that pleasure to be taxed with an associated responsibility and duty. This letter of mine is a pure gratuity, and you are not to insult the beneficent donor by any offers of repayment. It will not be many days anyhow before the sunbeam that wakes you in the morning will have to come to the Mississippi valley in order to be able to do it."

In the middle of the nineties the department of oratory which Miss Sanford had labored so hard to build up was asked to become a member of the Northern Oratorical League. The entrance into this League gave new impetus to the work in oratory, and the Professor then turned her attention to the classes in debating. With characteristic energy she began to solicit money for prizes in debate. She wrote a great many letters to former students, asking for five dollar contributions. These were sent each year, as she asked for them, by the majority of the men, but sometimes with words of disapproval. One man thought that a group of wealthy men or some of the alumni should be assessed a regular yearly sum for this purpose. One woman helped Miss Sanford out by asking fifty men to pay five dollars each. One man, a member of the Board of

Regents, and a former student, refused because he had paid so much for football. Miss Sanford got the money needed for the prizes, but always at the expense of great effort to herself, and sometimes disappointment from people whom she had expected to contribute.

The undergraduates as well as the graduates were coming more and more to realize the value of the services she was rendering, and attempted in various ways to show their appreciation. In 1899 the daily paper printed at the University, known at that time as The Ariel, dedicated one issue to Miss Sanford. A poem in her honor was written by one of the editors.

To her wha wi' the winter's frost
Her spring-time freshness hasna lost,
Nay wark can fley, nor toil exhaust
I' day or night,
For duty never coonts the cost
Gin 'tis but right.

Wha can her youthfu' vigor bear
Wi' wisdom o' a riper year,
An' speak her min' wi' sic a clear
Emphatic soun'
She's weel respeckit everwhere—
The country roun'.

Wha gars the lass take off her bonnet
And frowns if there's a burdie on it,
And yet her heart's as true as granite
An' kind as true,
An' if nae mon has never won it,
It's yet to do.

Wha disna crimp an' bang her hair,
Nor triflin' gewgaws disna wear,
For nature's plainest is maist fair,
An' weel she knows't,
An' what the warl' thinks, disna care,
For that's her boast.

We dinna gie this as a bribe
We canna thus betray oor tribe,
Nor is't intended as a gibe,
When we confess
This Ariel fondly we inscribe
To M. L. S.

Joe Guthrie, '00.

The students also took active part in a campaign which resulted this year in giving Miss Sanford one of the unique pleasures of her life. In the spring of 1899 the Minneapoils Daily Journal conducted a public school and favorite teachers' contest. There were to be three prizes for the three most popular teachers. The first was a trip to Europe; another a trip to the National Educational Convention in Los Angeles; another to Yellow Stone National

Park. Friends of Miss Sanford began to collect coupons with the hope of obtaining the first prize for her. She finally won third prize; but some of the undergraduate students went to the Journal, offering to add to the money needed for the trip to Yellowstone Park enough to take Miss Sanford to Europe, provided the Journal was willing to make the arrangement. The Journal agreed, and Miss Sanford had her one and only trip abroad. A party of twelve left Minneapolis together, on a beautiful day in the middle of June. Miss Sanford's household were as excited as she at the great event. The occasion was one of solemnity to her, and she made an unusually beautiful prayer at dinner. The party left for Montreal and from there sailed for Liverpool.

On the boat trip Miss Sanford became the center of interest to passengers. She gave readings and lectures to entertain them, and they hovered around her. A man and his wife from Minneapolis who had never met her had passage on the same boat; and a common friend wished to introduce them to the Professor. The wife, after a short visit with her, wished her husband to meet Miss Sanford too; but she knew that if he were forewarned he would not allow the introduction to take place. He had

never seen her, but he had heard of her at the University and was strongly prejudiced against her; for even at that time not many women were occupying prominent positions, and in general he was opposed to women's "usurping men's places". So his wife did not say anything until they were near Miss Sanford's steamer chair on the deck. The Professor immediately began to talk about some of the places she hoped to visit, and about architecture, a subject in which he was intensely interested. He sat down and listened to her, fascinated by her intelligence and womanliness. It was an hour or two before he again joined his wife in their walk about the deck; much of his time the rest of the journey was spent in listening to Miss Sanford. The circle of men around her chair gradually grew larger; attractive, prettily dressed young girls were deserted for this plainly clad woman with her rare charm and magnetic personality.

In London as elsewhere Miss Sanford spent much of her time in the art galleries. Though her taste was largely conventional, she was yet independent enough in her judgments to express a preference often for paintings not highly regarded by the critics. She was most interested in the old paintings, especially of

the Virgin and Child, and in the saints. She made notes of her impressions, sometimes not at all what an art critic would notice, but things that particularly interested her. The Doge Leonardo Loredani of Giovanni Bellini she noticed had beautiful brown eyes, and Crivelli's Madonna and Child Enthroned interested her particularly because of the red canopy above the throne. Rembrandt's Woman Taken in Adultery she thought beautiful because of the sorrow and repentance of the woman.

When she crossed to Paris she found the days hardly long enough, and got up at four o'clock one morning to walk about the city. Another day she arose at three o'clock to see a cathedral. She did not go to the hotels, but found the cheapest rooming places for herself, and took her meals at restaurants, keeping a daily account of everything she spent for lodging, fees, and food, and for pictures. Her expense account from day to day usually showed a much larger sum spent for pictures than for any other item, and sometimes as much as for all other items put together. In Italy she continued to visit cathedrals as early as she could induce any one to allow her to enter; sometimes she had to bribe attendants. In Florence the work of Fra Angelico particularly pleased

her. The other early artists, Gentile da Fabriano, Botticelli, and Giovanni da Bologna pleased her much better than some later painters. She always expressed herself in later years as loving the Madonnas of the older artists; she thought the work of the modern painters less spiritual. Her breadth of religious sympathy made her feel at home in the Catholic services and on one occasion she wrote: "I attended early mass at the Cathedral. I have rarely seen one more impressive. As I listened to the low, musical words of the service, not hurried through as our English ritual often is, but given with reverence and feeling, my own heart cried out to God for forgiveness and blessing."

Though she had no friends in Europe she had carried from home letters of introduction to people who would give her shelter during her stay in Venice and Rome. After two months of sight-seeing she set her face westward. On her way home she checked up her account and noted that the trip had actually cost her one hundred forty-one dollars. She had saved in all twenty-seven dollars of the money given her for the trip. The sum did not include the much larger amount paid for pictures which she had bought to use in her art lectures. She returned

to her classes in the best of spirits, having actually seen and absorbed more in the two months than many people with more leisure and many times more money sometimes get in the same number of years.

Her pathway was not yet however to be one of ease. The next school year was one of great stress for her. Early in the year she received a letter from the President requesting her to discontinue taking money from students for private tutoring, on the ground that all the time she gave to students belonged to the University. He told her that the faculty had been very much excited over the matter. Two weeks later he wrote her another letter saying that a resolution had been introduced into the Board of Regents and laid on the table for consideration at a meeting to be held early in June, 1900, providing that several members of the University faculty, including Miss Sanford, should terminate their connection with the University at the end of the college year 1901.

For this blow Miss Sanford was wholly unprepared. It staggered her at first, as it did the other members who were in the same situation. Miss Sanford was the only woman among the professors mentioned, but she was the first to recover courage. Long before the next

meeting of the Regents the daily papers printed an account of the proposed action. A student reporter from the University had obtained the news. This at the time was thought to be a great misfortune; but in the end turned out happily for the professors. Friends and alumni and clubs from all over the state began to protest. One prominent man wrote to Miss Sanford: "Ever since I read in our daily papers of the prospect of your severing your relations with the State University at the end of the present year, I have been much distressed about the whole matter. I cannot remove from my mind the impression that a serious blunder has been committed somewhere. As one of your old students, and as one who has sat under your instruction for four years' time, my acquaintance with you and your work since, and from the multitude of testimonials of your work and influence at the University, I feel sure that the Board of Regents are taking a step which can only be a subject of serious regret if your resignation should be accepted as has been intimated. A great number of your friends have also in my hearing expressed similar sentiments, and I have reason to believe that this sentiment is very wide spread throughout the community.

"You have acquired a prominence in connection with the moral and artistic upbuilding of our city and state at large which our citizens can not help remembering; and in ways which it is hard to explain we can not afford to dispense with your services in this community. I am not only willing, but shall take the first opportunity to speak to any Regent of the State University whom I know and may meet in reference to this matter."

These sentiments were echoed on every side. The same month the Woman's Council of Minneapolis, which later became the Woman's Club, wrote the following resolution of appreciation and presented it to President Northrop of the State University.

"*Be it resolved,* That the Woman's Council takes this opportunity to extend to Professor Maria L. Sanford its heartiest thanks, and as mothers, sisters and daughters to express our confidence in her as a guide and inspiration to all those who have come under her instruction at our great University. We have abundant testimony of her far-reaching influence in her home city, throughout our state and adjoining states, and we desire that this expression of our love and confidence in her as an educator

should be conveyed to the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota."

Similar expressions of confidence in Miss Sanford and of protest at her resignation from the University poured in, and the result was that none of the members of the faculty who had been named was dismissed. Miss Sanford, however, in the summer of 1900, applied for the presidency of the University of Idaho, feeling that it might be better for her to go away; and turning her face toward the pioneer sections of the country she went herself to Idaho; but as had been the case all her life, the Regents objected to a woman in the position that she was seeking. She remained at the University of Minnesota; but a year later was notified that the Regents had reduced her salary from twenty-four hundred to eighteen hundred dollars. There were some members of the faculty who added to Miss Sanford's trials by criticising her method of conducting her department. This caused her so much trouble that she was obliged to appeal to the President, and to explain to him that although she did not work exactly as some of the others did, she could do as good and lasting work as they could. She reminded him that she had won wide reputation by her success as a teacher before some of

her critics were out of the grammar school; remarking that it was as much an impertinence for them to interfere with her department as it would be to interfere with some of the men heads of other departments. Her plea was effectual to some extent, but peace was never of long duration.

CHAPTER VII

THE END OF THE TEACHER'S ROAD

The great cut in Miss Sanford's salary of course rendered it more difficult for her to make the payments on her debt. In addition she had some new calls for help from members of her family which were as urgent as they would be to a mother. She felt with Thomas Carlyle that "If you have brothers, sisters, a father, a mother, weigh earnestly what claim does lie upon you in behalf of each, and consider it as the one thing needful to pay them more and more honestly and nobly what you owe. What matter how miserable one is if one can do that! That is the sure and steady disconnection and extinguishment of whatever miseries one has in this world." The family of one of Miss Sanford's near relations was in distress and Miss Sanford had to spare from her meager salary enough to help them out. Throughout her entire life the call of her family always came first.

She did not overlook her neighbors in these

distressful times as the following note from one of them shows: "Thank you very much for the wood, but you mustn't send any more. I feel that you surely could use it yourself some time if you would only keep it. You have done so much for us that we could never repay you and I do not want to think of it that way; but for a year I have *longed* to show you how much we think of you and do something in our turn; only the way has not opened up yet. If you knew how I loved to bake you a little loaf of bread when I baked for our own people you surely would let me do it every time I bake."

From time to time tributes continued to appear in the University publications. One Valentine Day the Registrar of the University, a former student of Miss Sanford and also a former member of her household, printed in the Alumni Weekly the following characterization:

Vivid, buoyant,
Tireless, fluent;
Full of vim,
An occasional whim;
Never a shirk,
Not afraid of work,
For mind or heart or hand;
A lover of beauty,
A doer of duty,
As quick to obey as command;

A brain right clear,
A heart full of cheer,
Eloquent lips touched by altar's coal;
She was still humanly,
Just plain womanly,
With a face index of a beautiful soul;
Just as good as she was great,
The best-loved woman of the North Star State.

E. B. Johnson.

The next year in the University Magazine appeared another student poem.

Ripe wisdom, fruit of long experience,
To grace her work she brings;
The Brotherhood of Man she cherishes,
And hopes of better things.

In doing good she goes about, like One
Who taught us long ago;
Her lips speak from a heart forever young;
God bless and keep her so!

Vesta Cornish Armstrong.

The Governor of Minnesota in 1903 appointed Miss Sanford a delegate to the Prison Association. She understood this to imply that he had confidence in her ability and wished to show himself friendly to her; and in her letter of thanks for the appointment she wrote: "I believe I shall be able to prove that those who had confidence in me were right. I shall try to

bear my present humiliations with dignity and by my faithfulness and devotion to duty to convince all who are willing to be fair minded how grave an injustice has been done me."

This does not mean that Miss Sanford made no protest at the great reduction in her salary. She wrote the Board of Regents a moving letter in which she said: "I do not ask at this time any change in my salary. I appreciate the difficulties of the present situation and I am willing to wait for better times; but I do earnestly request you as men who want to do what is just and right to inform yourselves as to the condition of my department. It is not the reduction of this year against which I protest but my reduction from the rank I held. My pride in my professional reputation is very great and the degradation which I have suffered has been far harder than the privation which the change has brought, although the latter would be considered very severe by any one who knew its extent. My age has been mentioned as a reason for this reduction, but where can you find a woman of thirty-five or forty or a man of that age who has more vigor and endurance, and where a professor who puts in more hours of effective work? I am carrying now eighteen hours of recitation per week besides

managing my department and giving it supervision and preparation of public debates and oratorical contests which take a large amount of time. Is it right that a person doing this work and doing it well should be hampered and crippled by a salary which compels her to do menial work to pay for a bare living? Under the circumstances under which I am placed, and which when all told would hardly be considered discreditable to me, I can not live without such labor. Years ago I made pledges of monthly payments which I must keep, and I have with my present salary just thirteen dollars left to meet my own expenses. Trusting to your honor and sense of justice, I shall go on working hard and meeting privations cheerfully, believing the time will come when I shall have the great delight of full vindication and the complete restoration of my salary."

Miss Sanford's troubles however were not yet over, as was indicated by a remark made to her by the President in June, 1904. Referring to the Regents he said, "They are after your department anyway and will be as long as you are there." That this was known outside the University was shown by a letter written by the President of the Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs to Miss Sanford, telling her

that she had heard that there was a scheme against the professor and asking if the Federation might be allowed to protest, saying that they did not want to meddle or in any way want to interfere unless they could be of help.

In April 1905 Miss Sanford at the request of the President sent to the Chairman of the Salary Committee of the Board of Regents a comparison of her work with that of five other heads of departments closely associated with her. The comparison gave the work of each professor in each department, the number of his classes, the number of students in each, and the number of hours a week given to each class. This comparison showed not only that her department had the largest number of students but that she taught the largest number of classes. She asked to have enough money for her department with which to employ competent teachers and also to give her the salary which her work should command. She closed her letter with the following plea: "More earnestly than I ask for justice for myself I ask that I may have for my department the salaries that will retain efficient instructors and encourage those that are doing good work for small pay."

This year she, as well as many other members

of the faculty, had the hardship of being obliged to hunt for recitation rooms in any vacant spot on the campus. The Old Main building had burned to the ground the year before and many of her pictures and books had been destroyed and others ruined by smoke and water. Miss Sanford found a desk for herself in the Librarian's private office, and for class work she had to go from one building to another. The classes of her assistants were scattered all over the campus. Some were held in the store room of the School of Mines, where the students discussed the poetry of Browning and Kipling in the uncongenial company of barrels and boxes of ores. Other classes were held in the basement of Pillsbury Hall in the Animal Biology department; and two classes at a time, one in Rhetoric and one in French, were held a few feet from each other in the museum of the Biological department with skeletons of prehistoric animals as decorations for the class rooms. Some were held in the Physics building. As Miss Sanford's department was the largest one in the University this meant more scattering about for her work than for that of any of the others. This continued for two years until Folwell Hall was completed in the fall of 1907, when she had her department to-

gether again on the third floor of the new building.

This year was memorable also as the one in which she was obliged to leave the home in which she had lived since 1881, and which students had so long felt to be unalterably associated with her. Many owed their chance for a university education to their being sheltered there. The single pine tree on the corner of her lawn, slanted but never bent or broken by the frequent Minnesota blizzards, seemed symbolic of the life she had led in the home she loved so well. Though it never attained the size of a forest pine it was for many years a land mark of the South East side and associated in the minds of hundreds of students with a professor whose memory remained as fresh as its evergreen branches. Financial embarrassment obliged her to give up this home and take a house in a new neighborhood a mile from the University. To one of her friends she said that the removal from that home tore her heart up by the roots; it seemed like tearing an oak out of the ground for her to move. Yet she began at once to make herself felt in her new environment. She took her church letter to the small church near her. She often preached when the minister was away or sick. She fre-

quently said she loved more to preach than to teach or to lecture, and thought her real life work should have been preaching. In a year from the time she moved, an old resident of that part of the city said Miss Sanford had done more for the neighborhood and the church in a year than any one else had done in all the twenty-five years of her own residence there. Miss Sanford, in writing to a friend at this time, said, "I do have a good time. I do enjoy my days—every one of them—and I often say, 'The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places.' "

Her real power in the work of her church is shown in the history of Congregational Work In Minnesota compiled by the archaeologist of the State Historical Society of Minnesota. In the chapter on Women's Work For Missions written by Dr. Margaret Evans Huntington, for many years Dean of Women of Carleton College, is the following: "Congregational women have had their due part in the educational progress of Minnesota. The outstanding example among these women is Miss Maria L. Sanford . . . her magnetic personality and resonant voice and sympathetic womanly understanding gave a new atmosphere to the University and especially to the young

women there . . . her co-operation in every good work, her fearless advocacy of unpopular causes are noteworthy . . . she by her ethical standards, her ever ready sympathy with all the efforts of her pastor or fellow members had a large place in church life. Her best memorial will be the noble lives of those whom she has stimulated and helped."

In the same work the Rev. S. W. Dickinson, in his chapter The Part Congregationalists Have Had in the Charities of Minnesota, in reference to Miss Sanford wrote: "More than any other woman of her time she had an abiding influence upon the young men and women who passed through the State University. It was through her efforts that the girls were separated from the boys in the Training School at Red Wing and that a home was established for them at Sauk Center."

Miss Sanford's new home had some apple trees, a garden, a lawn and a barn. She planted more trees in front of her house, and got some chickens for the barn. For a time one of her elderly friends to whom she had for many years owed money lived with her in this house and for amusement cared for the chickens. Miss Sanford became as much interested in pure blood Plymouth Rock chickens as she

had always been in fresh air. She always walked back and forth from the University to her home, and usually winter as well as summer, went bareheaded. Nearly always her arms were filled with books or baskets or bundles of some sort. Frequently she carried home a basket on the top of which a pile of books was placed. Men students on their way would always relieve her of the baskets. Smilingly she told some friends that underneath the pile of books she had some scraps from the kitchen of a friend, which she took home for the chickens. She had placed the books on top of the basket so that the boys would not be humiliated by the knowledge that they were carrying chicken feed.

But her greatest interest in her new home was in her beautiful apple trees. She watched the blossoms in the spring. She had a sleeping porch built at the back of the house and a door opening close to the green boughs. She used to say that no king had a more wonderful place than she in her sleeping porch right among the branches. She had never before had fruit trees of her own, and she anticipated the time when her apples would be ready to eat. But the first fall just when the fruit was getting ripe Miss Sanford found out that small boys are no re-

spectors of other people's apple trees. She said that she took to sleeping under her trees nights to prevent boys from taking the fruit; but she soon realized that she could not stay by them all day, and the boys could take apples in the day time as well as at night.

She, however, thought of a remedy which was characteristic of her, but which no one else in the neighborhood had ever thought of. She went around to the seed houses in Minneapolis and to the nursery men and asked them to give or sell her for a small sum seedling apple trees and other fruit trees or flowering shrubs and plants. Then she called the children of the neighborhood together and told them she had these things to sell to them at a very small price. To those who were unable to pay Miss Sanford gave an apple tree. But it was never her policy to give things which people ought to buy, and in some way or other she made the children pay; if not in money, then in labor. She told the children that they could each have their own apple trees, raise their own apples, and have their own flower and vegetable gardens. She encouraged them by visiting their gardens and offering prizes for the best flowers the children could raise. Whether she ever had any more trouble with children stealing her

apples she never said; but if so, it is safe to say it was not from the same children who received these trees. This incident so endeared her to the neighborhood that she was ever afterward regarded as its benefactor. In the next fifteen years of her life she grew into this home as she had done in her earlier one, but doubtless never had quite the same affection for it that she had for the other. She felt such an attachment to it that in the memorandum of her wishes she asked the niece to whom she left the home to continue to live in it and not sell it.

December 19, 1906, Miss Sanford reached her seventieth birthday and her twenty-sixth year in the University. The Women's League of the University held a reception for her in Alice Shevlin Hall, the woman's hall which had been built on the site of the Old Main. The President and his wife, the Governor of the state and his wife, the deans of the University with their wives, and the only other woman professor in the University received with Miss Sanford. Hundreds of former students and friends were present on this occasion, and the hall in the new woman's building was crowded. All seemed anxious to make Miss Sanford feel how much they owed her. The Alumnæ had a portrait of Miss Sanford painted by a Minnesota artist,

Miss Grace McKinstry, which was placed in Alice Shevlin Hall as a fitting expression of their appreciation. The artist said later that Miss Sanford was the most difficult sitter she had ever had; because the only time she had free was at noon when she was so weary she fell asleep. The Women's League of the University in memory of the occasion desired to make Miss Sanford a present personal enough to remind her of the very affectionate regard in which she was held; and they with other friends made up a purse which they gave her to buy a coat and muff. She told them she never had expected to own so fine a garment, but that they might rest assured it was the same woman inside that they had known all along. She wrote to a friend after the reception "if I had not been battered by the rebuff of years I might have had the big head, but I think I am safe. It did, however, make life seem very beautiful to me to feel so much of sympathy and love." One other gift which she received late in life gave her unique pleasure because it was the only jewelry she ever possessed. This was a beautiful gold watch and chain given her by her Sunday School class. The satisfaction she took in wearing these could hardly be understood by the many women to whom a watch

is as much a part of every day dress as a hat or gloves.

There was very general appreciation of Miss Sanford's service to the State of Minnesota of more than a quarter of a century, but there were still troubles ahead of her at the University. Five months after this celebration she wrote a will, one among many which she wrote out and dated from time to time, knowing that they had no legal value, but believing that her heirs would respect her wishes. She kept all of them. In the one written at this time, she was in such stress of mind that she closed it with the sentence, "If I should lose my mind and live, do, I beg, quietly put me to sleep."

In May, 1907, Miss Sanford not having succeeded in getting from the salary committee of the Regents what she felt she needed for her department appealed to the Governor regarding what she felt to be injustice. Among other things she stated, "I do want recognition of the value of my work, and there are other grave reasons why my salary should be made equal to others in the same rank. In the first place I am determined to make my department *shine*. I shall work as never before to improve it in every way. I am hindered by poverty, by many petty cares and economies which take time and

energy. For years I have put in all my salary to pay my debts. The lecturing which I have done in order to get money on which to live has brought me about two hundred fifty dollars yearly, but it has really been more wearing than all my University work. Ought I to be compelled to do this? I do not let it rob the class of my time, but it does take my strength. It is good for me and for the University that I give some lectures, but not that I be obliged to depend upon them to live. If my salary could be made three thousand dollars for five years I could clear off all this debt that weighs me down. I know I have no claim because of my debt, but I do think it is some credit that I chose to pay it when even Governor Pillsbury advised me to repudiate it, and the fact that I have this burden is an added reason why I should have the salary I justly earn."

By the close of the school year it was known that Miss Sanford would retire in two years more. Her salary was increased as she had requested to three thousand dollars, but as she had only two years more of University work, she was, at the time of her retirement, still heavily in debt. The increase, however, enabled her to retire on a Carnegie pension of fifteen hundred dollars.

About this time the result of Miss Sanford's lectures at the University on the History of Art began to be shown in letters from former students. Some of them said that their first wish to travel had been aroused by those lectures, and that their interest in what they saw was wonderfully enhanced by her vivid descriptions. To understand why a professor of rhetoric gave art lectures, it is necessary to explain that for most of the years Miss Sanford was at the University there was no art department. Her lectures were therefore the only means hundreds of students had of getting any knowledge whatever of the great art of the world. She felt that justified her in departing from the work strictly belonging to her department.

After Miss Sanford was seventy years old she sent to her niece in Smyrna for three of the young children of the family, whom she proposed to educate. These she sent to a private school in Minneapolis, but outside school hours they were left at home many hours of the day with no older person to look after them. Born in a foreign country, they were unable to adapt themselves at once to American life. After a time one of them returned home; one to the father's relations in Scotland; the youngest

remained in this country, and is still pursuing his education. Miss Sanford had raised so many children that the task of taking three at once in her old age did not seem too much for her.

In February, 1909, shortly before she was to retire, Miss Sanford was obliged to have an operation for mastoid abscess. Her age and the difficulty of the operation made her recovery seem a matter of doubt. She herself was not unprepared for an unfavorable outcome, and before leaving her work appointed two members of her department her literary executors in case she should not recover. The operation was successfully performed, and Miss Sanford was back at her home long before the doctors gave her permission to raise her head from the pillow. One morning she announced that she was going home that day. The doctor emphatically refused permission; but she repeated her intention, and as soon as he left the hospital ordered the nurse to call a carriage. She departed in triumph for her home, and in less time than anybody had predicted was back at the University at her regular class work.

The Senior class of this year wishing to show her due honor on the occasion of her retirement asked her to give the commencement ad-

dress. She felt this to be the greatest honor that had ever been shown her. At commencement time papers in various parts of the country noted this as being the first time that a woman had ever been asked to make such an address in a great university. This memorable address entitled What the University Can Do For the State, was considered one of the best commencement addresses that had been given at the University of Minnesota. The Armory was filled, and every word of Miss Sanford's address could be heard to the farthest corner of the great building. She had that week been made a member of the graduating class, and at the close of her address they presented her with an enormous bouquet of six dozen roses, one for each of her seventy-two beautiful years. A poem in honor of her retirement was written by a former student of her own who had been for many years a member of her department.

EVEN-SONG

The full orb brightens as it rounds—
We hail the life that onward fares,
To kindly leisures, gracious cares,
To lessened labors, ampler crowns.

O happy in the powers that flee,
And happy in the charm that stays—
Light streams from toilful yesterdays
And clear to-morrows, calm and free.

Let gentle hours in rhythmic sands
Glide on; and Time in reverence stop,
And, gazing on her, pensive, drop
The edgeless sickle from his hands.

Let Rest come with the touch benign
That soothes and stills the hurts of man,
And Age, the kind Samaritan,
Pour in the healing oil and wine.

With harvest trophies round her shed
May the good sheaves, in order filed,
The sheaves her own hand reaped and piled,
Be prop and pillow for her head;

And may in glad revival rise
For her the deeds her bounty wrought
In others' warm and grateful thought,
In cordial clasp and tender eyes;

Nor ends the joy of service now;
'Tis autumn's glow—and not the grief—
The bright fruit, not the withering leaf,
That reddens on the orchard bough.

Oscar W. Firkins, '84.

This was the greatest day of Miss Sanford's life. She was leaving after twenty-nine years

an institution which she had seen grow from three hundred students to nearly five thousand, at this time one of the largest universities in the country. At the close of the public exercises she was invited to the home of an old friend where a dinner to which some of her neighbors and closest friends had been invited was given in her honor. With her enormous bouquet she rode in state in her friend's car first to her own home, where she deposited her seventy-two roses in a wash tub full of water in the middle of her kitchen floor and then returned to the banquet. The next day one of her friends took a photograph of Miss Sanford standing on her lawn, holding in her arms her "graduation bouquet."

Many of the beliefs Miss Sanford had unwaveringly held from her youth were reiterated in her commencement address. First she declared that the University should teach its students to help solve the social problems of the time. "It is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon peoples", said she, "that among them in the great struggles of the commons against the nobles, of the downtrodden against the privileged classes the oppressed have always found strong supporters and wise leaders among the upper classes, especially among the educated; and

therefore the commons have been restrained from that bitterness and those excesses that have marked political and social revolutions among other races. If this is to hold true in our state and nation it will be by the training of the youth in the traditions of our race, so that the rich and gifted may hear the cry that comes up from the poor in their ignorance and squalor, and be proud to come to the rescue, to give their minds and hearts to devise and carry out plans and measures of relief. The greatest difficulty in the way of such efforts is the unwillingness of the upper classes to believe that there is really any wrong to be righted, any injustice to be redressed. Here is the opportunity of the University. It takes the youth of wealth and position, and puts before them facts, and opens their eyes to conditions they might otherwise ignore. It stirs them with ambition to throw in their power and their means among the helpers; and sets before them instead of the paltry ambition to outshine others in luxury and show the high aim of helping to solve the social problems of their time, to make our state a shining example of justice, happiness and peace."

She also held it to be the duty of the University to teach democracy, and as a preparation

for this believed in the necessity of sending children of wealth to the public schools.

She felt that the University had hardly begun to enter upon its privilege of stimulating to high scholarship.

"We cherish with pride," she continued, "these first fruits of scholarship, but we long for a fuller harvest. Our University is coming into its manhood and should show a manly grasp on intellectual things. It is the atmosphere of learning, an eager grasp on the hard tasks of scholarship which is the greatest need of the student body of the University today. . . . Everywhere there is a demand and opportunity for those who combine intellectual insight with a high order of training and skill. Life and health, business and civil polity are all more or less resting upon half knowledge and empirical deductions. They sorely need the facts and principles which the search light of discovery will reveal to the sound judgment of the broad-minded, patient, tireless scholar. Such scholars we have a right to look for among the alumni of the University."

Her belief that it is rather will power than greater ability which is needed to accomplish great things was set forth with force and vividness: "The causes of intellectual development"

she said, "are recondite, and at best are only imperfectly understood, but there is good reason to believe that what is needed for high attainment is not so much more brain as more will, or as some psychologists would phrase it, 'the motive power of those impulses and aims that lead to action.' My own conviction is that more than half our brain lies dormant, smothered under weak and narrow aims. As proof of this witness the intense power that individuals and communities sometimes develop under the stress of strong emotion and passion. Let each one recall how he has sometimes gone quite beyond himself and done what he beforehand would have deemed impossible. His muscular and nerve power was unchanged but a strong purpose summoned the brain and its minions to full activity. How great would be our achievement if we could keep to this high plane, not feverish excitement but full and vigorous activity, always intently alive. Individuals have done this, have lived year in and year out with all their faculties awake, and we look with wonder on what they have accomplished. There are many whose lives illustrate my point. I will mention only two, both women, Mary Somerville, and Alice Freeman Palmer; women of calm, sane, womanly lives, but of wonderful

activity. Mrs. Somerville was so clear-headed a mathematician that she made a perfect translation of La Place's Mechanism of the Heavens when not one hundred men in England were able to read it; and was withal so careful and competent in her domestic duties, so devoted a wife and mother, so charming a hostess, that the critic Jeffrey, who was, as we all know, chary of compliments, when he was visiting in Scotland and received a letter from a friend asking if he had met the women of Dumfries, 'one of whom aspires to be a blue-stocking and an astronomer' replied, 'I have met the lady to whom you refer; she may wear blue stockings but her petticoats are so long I have never seen them.' Of the wonderful life of Mrs. Palmer I hardly need to speak, it is too fresh in the memory of all; we are all too proud of her to need to be reminded of what she accomplished. The one thing I do wish to say is that it was with her, as with Mrs. Somerville, vitality which was her remarkable gift, which made her so charming in society, so successful as a college president, such a wonder-worker in charity, so deft and skillful in the duties of her home—here as everywhere making 'her labor her delight.'

"I have dwelt fully upon this point because

I believe men and women would be spurred to far higher development if they were convinced that it is not some special genius conferred upon the few, but the wise use of the gifts common to all, that makes life rich and valuable. Nations as well as individuals have shown the marvelous results of this intellectual activity, of living up to the full measure of their powers. England under Elizabeth, Athens in the days of Pericles and all Western Europe in the Renaissance are examples of what is possible when every man is awake, when full life throbs in every vein. We cannot believe that men were then born with more brain than is given at other periods, but some influence led them to use to their full bent, and for worthy ends, the powers that men at other times let sleep. There is direct proof of this theory in the vital power that certain men have given to a whole people. I need mention but a single instance, the influence of William Pitt on England. We all know how his voice transformed the whole nation, how it sprang up at his call conscious of its strength. This has been the secret of the success of nearly all the great leaders of men; they knew how to call up the latent energy of their followers, to put into them a purpose and a determination that made them giants. Under

this influence they seem to be of other birth; and the glory of it is that so far as this transformation goes, once made conscious of their power they can never shrink back into the idle weaklings they were before. The men that fought with Caesar, that stood by Clive, and that conquered with Gustavus, could never after rank themselves with cowards.

"The moral of this for the University is plain. It may, it can, it should, give to the youth of the state this awakening impulse, breathe into them this breath of life, rouse them not to mere physical courage but to the courage of high conviction, give to them aims, ambitions, purposes, which shall transform, transfigure their whole lives.

"It is the rare privilege of an institution of learning thus to speak to the soul,

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
> The youth replies, *I can.*

The specific things which she urged the students to work for were those she had for many years been advocating at every opportunity; things within the ability of all. Said she: "If but a tithe of the students who go forth each

year could carry with them the determination to do something worthy and do it with their might, what a glorious work would be done! Then the most obstinate skeptic would cease to doubt the value of the University and the most hard-fisted economist would no longer grudge it abundant resources.

"First and foremost the student must be himself an example of sound, healthy living. His own farm, his own store, his own school must be kept trim; he must be diligent and successful in business, because no mere shallow enthusiast can be a leader of men. It is always what a man is that reinforces a hundred fold what he says and does. But he must be awake to opportunities to help his neighbors, ready to lend a hand to every good work. He must believe in his neighbors, see the possibilities that lie dormant in them; nothing is so deadening as the conviction that nobody but one's self has any desire for progress. Each one must work out his own problem; the opportunities in no two places are the same, but in a large city or small village there are always opportunities for the willing. Let me speak of a few out of many things that may be done. The ambition to make every town beautiful has already found a lodgment in many minds, and new plans and

helpful old ones will be gladly welcomed; shady roadsides stretching out from every town, the changing of unsightly places into lovely nooks, and the utilization of all natural objects of beauty, these are some of the means by which taste may make Minnesota the most charming of all places to live in.

"If there is no public library no stone should be left unturned until by means of Mr. Carnegie's generous provisions one has been established. To secure the right kind of books, so that the Library may be a real educational influence and not merely a means of amusement, will demand the efforts of an educated man or woman; and still more to put into the library pictures that shall be instructive in the history of art. There is, all over the state, an awakening interest in art; and to cultivate this taste is to open for the many a rich mine of enjoyment, and possibly to develop in the few real artistic gifts."

The awakening interest in art to which she referred had largely come about through her art lectures in the University and in other parts of the state. Her last suggestion was so novel, and felt to be so timely, that it has been put into practice in a number of Minnesota towns; that is, some means by which young men after

graduation can continue their instruction. Her advice was as follows: "To establish in every town some systematic instruction for adults is a much needed work. Large sums are freely spent to educate the children, but as soon as the young people leave school they are considered able to provide their own mental food; and the consequence is, most of them starve. I regard this as the great weakness of our educational system. The women's clubs are in a measure filling up the gap; but for the young men who have completed high school or college there is in most towns no influence whatever outside of their home to stimulate their intellectual life; a hundred hands are ready to drag them down, but none are stretched out to keep them up. The recent provision of the University for lecture courses is an important step in the right direction; but the value of these lectures will be increased ten fold if in the towns there are organized classes to study and discuss the subjects presented. The old-fashioned lyceum was a strong educational force; we need something today to supply its place. Let the graduate, wherever he makes his home, plan to do something in whatever line he is best fitted to bring his University training to bear directly upon the intellectual life of his

town. A dramatic club, a reading circle, a band, a musical society,—each and all are uplifting."

She closed by asserting her belief in the essential religious influence for righteousness of the University, even though no creed or dogma is taught. "The narrow zeal of the bigot," said she, "may declare that the University is irreligious; but any one who with jealous care and watchfulness for the interests of religion has studied for years the influence of the University upon the student body and upon the state must emphatically deny the charge. If students sometimes give up tenets which they held before, they learn to reverence 'their conscience as their king' and to accept 'true religion and undefiled,' 'to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly before God.' "

During that commencement week telegrams, congratulations and letters poured in from all over the world. One document of great importance was a parchment presented by the alumni: "We, the alumni of the University of Minnesota, thank you for what you have been to your students. We recall your eloquence, humor, deep thrilling tones, and the earnestness and vigor of your teachings. The students of twenty-nine college classes acknowledge with

gratitude the debt they owe your kindness and wisdom.

"We thank you for the part you have played in the up-building of the University. You came to it when it was small and struggling. Your strength has gone into its growth and your free, magnanimous spirit has been wrought into its substance. For what you have meant to the University the Alumni honor you.

"We thank you for your service to the State of Minnesota. By your lectures you have carried inspiration to thousands who have never seen the University. In all the state no woman is so widely known and so generally loved and respected. For your wide-spread and noble influence the Alumni will always revere you.

"In their appreciation of your wonderful personality and the great value of your work the Alumni of the University of Minnesota present to you this token of their love and gratitude."

A shorter document which gave Professor Sanford great pleasure was sent by the Secretary of the Board of Regents the week after commencement informing her that by a vote of the Board she had been made Emeritus Professor of Rhetoric.

Miss Sanford was in active service long after

the emphasis began to be laid upon research as a necessary part of the work of a college professor. As she was well known not to be a research scholar the editorial tribute in the Alumni Weekly at the time of her retirement was especially apt. "We have no quarrel with the 'new' college professor who looks upon his students as a 'necessary evil,' desiring to devote his whole time to investigation. Such professors have their place to fill in the economics of the modern educational world, but we are glad of an opportunity to honor the *teacher* and to point out such notable examples of successful teaching as those of the three professors who sever their connection with the University at this time.

"Dean Jones, Dr. Brooks and Professor Sanford have all won their honors as teachers rather than as investigators. We do not know that any one of the three has ever made a 'contribution to knowledge' in the ordinary acceptance of that term, but we do know that they have all left their impress upon the lives of thousands of men and women, and have given those men and women higher and nobler ideals of life and its meaning as well as an ambition to attain. They may have discovered no new laws but they have so applied laws as old as the

world as to have made the world better for their having been in it. We honor these professors with their old-fashioned ideas of the dignity of teaching, and we are free to say that we would rather have their records than the honor of discovering the most abstruse law that has to do with mere things. We are glad to do honor to those who, in these days, dare to lay emphasis upon mere teaching."

CHAPTER VIII

"GENERAL HELPING"

Only one as intensely devoted to a life work as was Maria Sanford can understand what a wrench it was for her, in full vigor of mind and body, as she felt herself, to give up her classroom work. At seventy-two years of age she had no desire to rest quietly at home as her pension would have enabled her to do. In some way she determined to be of service as long as her strength lasted.

The people of Minnesota felt that she still belonged to the public, and they believed she would be willing to continue to serve it. The Minnesota Federation of Women's Clubs, feeling that Miss Sanford would be of great value to young people, asked the Regents of the University of Minnesota that, if possible, Miss Sanford might be continued for at least one additional year in the same capacity as before. If that were impossible they asked the Regents to consider and formulate a plan or method under which the influence and attainments of Pro-

fessor Sanford might be made available to the high schools of Minnesota in a series of Biblical or other classical lectures, to be known as a University Extension Course. Editorials in the papers all over the state, with one exception, were of the most laudatory character. One writer expressed the hope that the Regents of the University would make suitable arrangements for Miss Sanford to continue her usefulness educationally in Minnesota as long as her strength permitted. He considered that she would accomplish more for the public good in the capacity of a lecturer than would any traveling library; because a gifted woman like Miss Sanford was capable of exerting a stronger influence than a mere book. He concluded by saying that she should be passed around for the good of all communities that were capable of appreciating her as a brilliant woman philosopher, and the sage of Minnesota.

Miss Sanford herself was undecided for a time just how to be of most service. One old time friend in another state urged that she should write stories for young people in which her own high ideals of life and living would be inculcated. Miss Sanford made some attempts in that direction but was not satisfied with the results. Another old friend in a distant state

asked her to have her lectures collected and published in a volume. There is no indication that she ever considered the advisability of doing this.

The first work that presented itself was a call to Atlanta, Georgia, to make an address at the dedicatory services of the First Congregational church, the largest negro church in Atlanta. Miss Sanford not only lectured in this institutional church but solicited five hundred dollars for its work so that she was made a patron of the church; and her name now appears on the glass door of a room next to that of Theodore Roosevelt, who was another patron. The minister of the church arranged for Miss Sanford to speak in a dozen other churches, schools and universities for colored people in Tennessee, Florida, North Carolina and Washington. So popular were her talks that she was asked to all of the places again.

The next year Miss Sanford was still actively interested in the colored schools and churches where she had lectured. President Taft that year wrote a recommendation urging people to give to funds which Miss Sanford was soliciting for a normal and industrial institute conducted for colored people in Georgia. The principal of the school had written to Miss Sanford,

"If you could raise fifteen thousand dollars for us we would raise an additional amount to secure equipment and teachers' salaries, but if you would prefer to give the amount to the city I feel sure that the white and colored people would give the other five thousand dollars." Such faith did the people have in a woman past seventy-three years of age, a woman known to have not a cent of money of her own! She continued for five years longer to visit the southern institutions, and in a six weeks' tour of the eastern and southeastern states in 1914, when she was seventy-eight years of age, she gave twenty-five lectures; the southern lectures, as before, were arranged by the minister of the church in Atlanta where she had first spoken.

After the trip that year Miss Sanford wrote to the President of the United States, requesting him to use his personal influence in a matter which threatened that spirit of unity and mutual respect which all earnestly desire to see prevail. This was to prevent the rekindling of sectional feeling which must result from the tendency of the present if not wisely controlled. She referred to the disposition to change the present status of the negro in Washington, and mentioned the fact that the north for many years had wisely abstained from interference

with conditions in the south. "Should not," she said, "a delicate sense of courtesy impel the chivalric spirit of the south to decide that, in so far as our nation's capital is concerned, they will respect the convictions of the north?"

Another interesting experience for Miss Sanford was the invitation in 1910 to give the memorial address to the G. A. R. It was noted that she was the first woman to be invited to address the Grand Army of the Republic. On this occasion she made a proposal that the veterans of the North and the South together should unite in a campaign for world peace, and that Theodore Roosevelt should be commissioned to lead the movement on behalf of the United States. Resolutions were offered that day recommending that her suggestion be carried out. Ex-Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was asked to bring the resolution to the attention of comrades at the national encampment of veterans at Atlantic City the following September. Letters were written to Miss Sanford by commanders of G. A. R. posts in different parts of the state, thanking her for her timely, wise and patriotic words and suggestions. One interesting letter was sent to her from New York enclosing a clipping from the New York Times

in reference to her address to the G. A. R. posts in Minneapolis. The writer said that he had spoken on the same topic in New York on that day.

The wish to associate her name permanently with the women of the University was expressed the year after Miss Sanford's retirement, when the first dormitory for University girls was built upon the campus and named in her honor Sanford Hall. The dean of women wrote to her "You have never been a believer in dormitories, I know. I hope that your disbelief is not so strong as to make you reluctant to see your name upon the face of one."

Miss Sanford now began to be made a member of many clubs, not only in Minneapolis but in other parts of the state. Early in 1910 she was made a life member of the Rambler's club, which she always thereafter visited whenever she was able. One of her last lectures was before this club; she was so feeble that she had to lie down after speaking. It was the Rambler's which first suggested the Sanford scholarship which the State Federation of Women's Clubs started the same year. This was a revolving loan fund for Senior girls, preferably, with a maximum loan of two hundred fifty dollars, to be paid in three years. So promptly

did the students discharge their obligations that the treasurer in her tenth annual report said that the young women "seemed to partake of the energy and spirit of her for whom the scholarship was named." The Ladies' Shakespeare Club, at their nineteenth annual banquet, gave honor to Miss Sanford as their chief guest and addressed her in a toast entitled "Our Heroine, Maria Sanford, her gentle spirit of devotion, self-sacrifice and culture. Here's to the magic influence that has been an uplift to thousands and has touched the lives of each one of us in so many countless ways. Here's to our heroine—the best known and best loved woman in our state, who is so deservedly styled the preeminent woman philosopher and sage of Minnesota." It was this club, also, which in 1921 presented a beautiful picture of Miss Sanford to the State Historical Society.

Though she was so greatly interested in the women's clubs of the state, she had not yet decided that her future work was to be largely lecturing. When she was asked by friends what kind of work she was doing she always answered that it was "general helping." As in her earlier days so now she was at heart a pioneer. Few people at her age would have dreamed of going to live in a new country; but

Miss Sanford became interested through friends and former students in a scheme for clearing wild land in Florida. She thought the warm climate of that state would be an excellent place for the family of the niece who was a missionary in Smyrna to live after they retired from the missionary field. Some people told Miss Sanford that she could make fifteen hundred dollars an acre on celery plants in Florida. She decided late in 1910 to go down to the west coast to an out of the way place, buy some land and clear it. For a beginning she planned to take some small celery plants. The weather was so cold that she had to thaw out frozen dirt, sift it and make it suitable for planting celery seeds. She finally started out with some fine plants, which she carried in her hands all the way from Minneapolis to Florida. Her only companion on the long journey was a young boy of fifteen, a grand nephew. As Miss Sanford knew that she was going to a place far from stores and railways she carried with her also a hoe, a spade and a rake; and set out, a woman in her seventy-fourth year, laden as few young people would wish to be. In the station in Chicago she had the misfortune to have her purse and her ticket stolen from her, but the agents were kind enough to present her

with a ticket to her destination. When they reached Florida a man who had formerly lived in Minneapolis drove them at night from the town where they left the train to the place selected in Largo; and as he left Miss Sanford with the pines for her only shelter, he was so awed that he drove away with tears in his eyes.

Miss Sanford and her young companion found nothing but pine and wild palmetto scrub on the thirty-five acres of land which she had bought. There was no sign of near neighbors. They had a tent which they put up and in which they lived for two months with a floor three feet above the ground to keep out snakes and insects. A heavy rain and windstorm one night left them without shelter, and Miss Sanford went a mile to the one-room shack of her nearest neighbor, where they had to sit up all night. Their Jersey cow wandered off during the storm and the boy hunted two days before he found it twelve miles off. Immediately afterward she began to build a one-room shack on her own place, insuring for herself a dry shelter. A sleeping tent for the boy and another for storage made up their home.

One of the family of missionaries in whose interest she had thought of going to Florida wrote to her: "Your experiences are amusing,

if the bites and sunburn were not such stern realities. A picture of you and Walter trying to milk a cow would, in common parlance, be 'fetching.' I wonder what the cow thought of it? By now you and Walter are no doubt qualified dairy maids. I think you both are doing splendidly. Two acres cleared in less than six days is good work, but surely King Sol is shocked at your early hours."

In addition to the cow they had some chickens. These they fed so liberally that the fowls never gave them any eggs. As they were five miles from the nearest town, and as none of the people anywhere near them had horse or carriage, Miss Sanford bought also a wagon and a driving horse, and carried supplies for her neighbors as well as for herself from market. She knew so little of horses that she bought at a high price a very inferior animal which was unable to work, and almost unable to travel to and from town.

The celery plants she had carried so carefully to Florida did not grow because conditions were not right in that place for celery. Miss Sanford, nothing daunted, set out cabbage plants and tomatoes. A neighbor who had been a truck gardener in the west helped them at night because it was too hot to work in the

day time. Light for their work came from a bonfire made of dried palmetto leaves. Miss Sanford thought that as the palmetto scrub was not very tall it would be easy to clear it from the land, and that she could be of material assistance. She began with her own hands to try to dig it up; but the Florida days were too hot, and the roots of the palmetto reached too far down for her to make much headway in the day time. So she rested a part of the day and dug palmetto scrub by moonlight.

She did not succeed in clearing the land very rapidly; and after a time, leaving the wild land for stronger hands, she went up to Washington to deliver some lectures. She also wished to see if a federal anti-fight bill could be introduced into Congress. She had been urged to undertake this work by friends in Minneapolis who believed that she would make the best leader in a movement aimed primarily to prevent the sending of "fight films" around the world, as a syndicate was planning at that time to do. Of the results of this effort she wrote to a friend in Minneapolis, "My errand here has been, as I feared it might be, fruitless. I should not, however, have been satisfied not to make the attempt. I have no sympathy with people who bewail wrong and say so and so

ought to be done but never lift a hand to do it. Only after we have tried and failed have we a right to cease our effort, and not always even then. I am not entirely sure that I am through with this business, but for the present there is nothing I can do. There is a bill which has been referred to the committee on interstate commerce, the object of which is to stop prize fights. The chairman of that committee told me that they could not possibly consider it in several weeks, other bills having precedence of it. This, of course, means nothing will be done this session. I am not sorry I came, though I could ill afford either the time or the money; but I should have been ashamed of myself not to come, feeling as I did that it was my duty."

While she was in Washington Miss Sanford kept in close touch by correspondence with what was going on on her place at Largo, and wrote to friends in Minneapolis that she was homesick to get back, "because," she said, "this is the time to plan for the spring crop, and I am anxious to be there to get things well started. I have enjoyed the life on the farm and the freedom and quiet of that new country. I am not sure how long it would be attractive to me but it has not yet lost its charm."

When Miss Sanford returned to Largo, how-

ever, she found that worms had eaten her cabbage plants. The tomatoes were in fine condition but she was unable to market them. Her enthusiasm cooled considerably and she said to herself, "A woman who can thrill an audience as you can has no business to raise the best cabbages in the world." And she started forthwith on her return trip to Minneapolis, leaving the land to be cleared, and ten acres in orange and grapefruit trees to be set out and cared for by the man who had helped her before. She left in Florida her live-stock and all her implements, and closed the house. She sold her wagon to the man who looked after her place; but the horse, as he wrote to her after her return, was too weak to work or even to drive. That was therefore a complete loss. A year later the barn burned.

Miss Sanford, after her return, looked after the place for some years, keeping up a constant correspondence with the bank and with different people who were hired to care for the land. One overseer did not take the pains he should in cultivating the grove, and caused extra expense for renewing blighted trees and planting others in their places. Part of the land had to be drained. Then a fence had to be built to keep out the cattle of some people who moved

near. But the land was still so wet that the fence posts soon rotted and the cattle broke in and destroyed many of the young trees. Miss Sanford, however, had too much of the pioneer spirit to be discouraged; and kept on, writing cheerful letters to the man who was taking care of her property, and spending for a considerable time, as she estimated, fifteen dollars a month on an average for the care of the place.

The man who was looking after the land came to regard Miss Sanford as the best friend of himself and his family. His own venture was not successful, and Miss Sanford lent him money. After some years he moved to the Pacific coast. The man who next took the place wrote that pine roots needed to be dug up. She had removed only palmetto. The fruit trees needed to be set higher. Fifty trees had died. Miss Sanford sent money; but he needed more, as he wanted to clear more land. The care taker sent her an itemized monthly account of work done and money needed, but at the end of another year Miss Sanford was discouraged and finally exchanged both her own land and that of her niece in Largo for property in the town of Lakeland, Florida. It is some satisfac-

tion to know that the missionary niece, her husband and several of her children are enjoying their home in Florida today.

As soon as women's clubs realized that Miss Sanford was free to come as often as they could afford to have her, she was in request for more lectures than she could possibly give. A woman's club of about twenty members in the northern part of Minnesota was so eager for her presence that they had her on their program once a month for six months. In the evenings each time she visited this city she lectured under the auspices of the club at church; her lectures to the club were on literary topics and the evening lectures on art subjects.

In March, 1912, President Vincent planned a new kind of University Extension to carry the University to the people. The schedule provided for a week's program in twenty-four small cities of the state, with popular applied education in every department through the medium of a staff of seventy-five lecturers, educators, demonstrators and entertainers. Miss Sanford was asked to appear on Art and Literature Day twice each day of the week in six towns which were in easy communication with each other. In the mornings she gave her popular talk on Liter-

ature for Everybody and in the afternoons she gave a reading from one of her favorite poets.

Two of her favorite poems were sure to be given on these occasions. Kipling's Mother o' Mine she recited with such feeling that one woman said to her, "I do not see how one who has never been a mother can possibly recite that poem as you do." Lowell's My Love she believed everyone should know. One stanza of that poem has been quoted again and again as applicable to her.

> She doeth little kindnesses
> Which most leave undone, or despise;
> For naught that sets one heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,
> Is low esteemèd in her eyes.

Her favorite passage of all English poetry was from Browning's Rabbi Ben Ezra. Who that knew Miss Sanford could fail to associate her with that poem on old age? Her favorite lines were,

> As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now,
> Than flesh helps soul."

In going from place to place her associates remarked that she was more active and ener-

getic than most of the young people. She was the only person of the entire company who never rode in a sleeping car on the night journeys. Her efforts were so much appreciated that the President wrote her a personal letter for her disinterested service, which was a distinct contribution to the idea that he wished to make widespread in the state—that the University was interested not alone in the students who resorted to it but in all the people of the Commonwealth.

This short period of freedom had resulted in making Miss Sanford better known outside the state than was possible while she was teaching. But perhaps the one occasion which made her known to the greatest number of women all over the country was the address she gave at the National Federation of Women's Clubs at San Francisco in 1912. A former student of Miss Sanford's suggested to the women of the Minneapolis Federation that Miss Sanford should be asked to make an address at the biennial. The matter was taken up with the proper authorities and Miss Sanford received an invitation to make an address. She had at that time been made an honorary member of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, the first and only honorary member. It was found

that she belonged to every club in the state, and the women of the state by contributing twenty-five cents apiece raised money to defray all her expenses. Twenty members of the Woman's Club of Minneapolis presented the invitation, written as follows:

"You must guess that twenty women descending upon you this bitter cold day—so soon after your return from a fatiguing trip—must have something very much at heart.

"You have doubtless heard that there is to be in San Francisco this summer the most notable gathering of American Womanhood, called together by the National Federation of Women's Clubs. We feel that you, representing the most distinguished women of our city, should be among them, and we, representing the club women of our city, have come to ask you to honor us by going as our guest to San Francisco. We say guest and not representative, feeling that thus you will be relieved of the burdens of representation, and yet open to all the social gifts and courtesies of the Federation.

"We might mention many reasons for our special hope that you will accept our request with favor, but we will mention but two. A few days ago the wife of the president of one of our

largest banks said, 'There is no name in the city that commands more honor and respect from my husband than the name of Maria Sanford, because at great personal sacrifice she stood by a debt of honor which most men would have felt quite justified in repudiating.'

"For this reason, and because in a long public and private life you have stood every test, and been true to the highest ideals of womanhood, we want you to do us this honor. The wings 'wherewith you are to fly withal' have been provided, and it only remains for us to take to our waiting clubs your favorable answer, that the final details may be completed.

"We have the honor to wait, many of us your former pupils, all of us your loving friends, for the answer we hope to carry with us."

One club presented her with a beautiful gray silk dress for festive occasions and another gave a rose point lace collar to go with the silk. Miss Sanford's devoted niece made her a beautiful dress of this material. She made a triumphal journey from Minneapolis to San Francisco. Former students and friends in cities and towns in every state through which she would pass were notified by one of the club of the date of her coming and she was urged to

lecture and to be the guest of students. Her heart was warmed and her pocket-book filled as a result of these chances to lecture. She still had need of all she could earn, because she still owed fifteen thousand dollars.

The greatest event of the trip was the day of her address in San Francisco. She spoke on a subject which had been near her heart for many years, and on which she had spoken many times, The Value of Moral Power in the Schoolroom. As the slight old lady rose before that great audience she was greeted by the silent tribute of the Chautauqua salute. A San Francisco reporter, in referring to this address, wrote: "Seventy-five and active; seventy-five with a voice that has the power and resonance that moves thousands of young women to envy, seventy-five and able to move with enthusiastic admiration and devotion the immense audience of club women that packed the auditorium this morning; such is the unique distinction of Professor Maria Sanford of the University of Minnesota." A reporter for another paper said she made the most profound impression of any speaker at the biennial. One of her best known sentiments was expressed in this speech: "At seventy-five my message to the world is: Let every human being so bear himself that the

place where he stands is sacred ground. And I charge the old to teach the young the value of education, not as a means to wealth, but as a means to life." Another, equally well known, was repeated here:

"We would urge those who select either primary teachers or college professors to look not to preparation only, but to power; to remember that learning, foreign university degrees, skill in research, are not sufficient evidence of a teacher's fitness unless these are accompanied by a spirit and purpose which ennobles the life."

Miss Sanford enjoyed every minute of her trip. She appeared at a special luncheon arranged for her by club women who were enthusiastic about her address. Yet she refused an invitation to one great function, and went instead to speak to the women prisoners at San Quentin. When asked about it afterward she said, "I tried to make it the best talk I had ever given."

It was while she was at this biennial that Miss Sanford saw the success with which the California women had used the rights of suffrage and came out openly herself as a suffragist. From that time she lectured frequently for the cause and never hesitated to tell why she had

changed her point of view. Before her return to her home she spoke to the Woman's Club of Los Angeles. She told them that the women of the states without suffrage were watching California. She urged them not to form a woman's party, nor support a woman candidate just because she was a woman, but to vote for the highest principles. She reminded them that one unanswerable argument for equal suffrage would be the voting woman's use of the ballot in the interest of social purity and home protection. She charged them to keep before them the better guardianship of home and family.

On her return home she was at once asked to accept a place on the legislative committee of the Minnesota Woman Suffrage Association, and asked to give what free time she had from her lecture engagements outside the state, in which to make her presence felt in her home state.

Some months later when she spoke on the same subject in Poughkeepsie, New York, she entitled her speech When the Sun Rises in the West. She remarked that she always had known some women were as able as some men, but had thought the ignorant vote would be bad, and also that women would lose their delicacy.

But her observation in California had taught her better. A year previously she had delivered a lecture against suffrage. She had never been in sympathy with the plea that suffrage was a right; and when she joined the ranks of the suffragists she always emphasized her belief that it was an opportunity for service. She had come to see that women were called upon for public service; that as the last century was one of invention, of material progress, this is one of social advancement; that imbecility, insanity, drunkenness, and poverty were the result of conditions which might be improved; and that women were seeking a way to help their fellowmen by protection of childhood against severe labor conditions, by securing relief for the industrially oppressed, and by the suppression of the social evil. In her attempt at "general helping" she had a hand in all these efforts.

In the winter following the biennial at San Francisco the clubs belonging to the Minnesota State Federation in twelve of the larger cities of the state engaged Miss Sanford for a series of lectures, many of these as a direct result of the enthusiasm aroused by her address at San Francisco, although most of the clubs of the state had for many years been familiar with

Miss Sanford's work as a lecturer. That winter, shortly before her seventy-sixth birthday, Professor Sanford made eighteen addresses in ten days, and on her birthday she lectured twice. On that occasion she remarked concerning her health, "I was never better in my life. I know as time goes on that I have not long to work, and I want to be busy during the rest of my days. There is so much to be done in the world and such a loud call for those who by insight, by earnestness and by tact are fitted to do it well; there is so much to be learned, so much to be discovered that will lift up and bless the world, that no one who has a skillful hand and a trained eye can afford to hold back from help." At an earlier time, in referring to her health, she said that long before Mrs. Eddy had been heard of she had laid down for herself the general principle that she must never plan or think about being in anything but good health. Her experience had convinced her that the habit of chronic illness unfitted many who might do better if they would cultivate a different attitude of mind.

One of Miss Sanford's favorite lectures, given many times, was entitled How to Make Home Happy. This lecture was full of homely wisdom, of anecdotes of her early years, and was eagerly

listened to on all occasions. She believed that poor homes are the happiest, that thoughtfulness for others, self-denial and willingness to give are found oftenest in homes of poverty. "In ourselves," she said, "we find the wealth that makes home. Ambition, contentment, thrift, health and religion are necessary to a happy home. Thrift is the most important and the most often neglected."

In addition to the lectures given in Minnesota Miss Sanford was in request in California and all through the western states. One lecture given to high school students entitled Pockets of Gold made such an impression upon the boys and girls that they gave her a pin made from a nugget of gold found in the county. The students, teachers and principals of the high school presented her with an engraved scroll in memory of their pleasure and the value they had received from her lecture.

On her return journey she spoke in Portland, Oregon, before a congress of mothers on a subject which had recently become of public interest, that of sex hygiene for girls. This was a new departure for Miss Sanford, but with her usual sanity, courage and sincerity, she told the mothers that she believed this subject should be taught, but she did not believe in

having it taught in school. She was of the opinion that mothers should give their girls the necessary instruction, and that very early. On her return to Minnesota that summer Miss Sanford spoke again on sex hygiene, and one friend in writing to her said, "I have heard nothing but favorable comment on your sex talk. One woman who, I know, has evaded her duty and even been untruthful to her three children, was thoroughly impressed. I was eager to hear her opinion on the talk. She is the aristocratic, unsympathetic type, and I was fearful that even you could not convince her; but you did."

She was in demand for high school commencement addresses in Minnesota. She spoke before the Women's Press Club in New York City. She lectured for the endowment fund of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Everywhere her humor was remarked with keen appreciation. Even on the subject of cremation, which she advocated for many years, she had a favorite humorous story. Believing that cremation was the only hygienic method in large cities of disposing of the dead, she expressed her views as she did on other unpopular subjects, whenever she found an occasion. But she never made the topic seem gruesome,

and often repeated the remark made by an unmarried woman to a widow whose third husband had recently been cremated: "I never had a husband, and you have had husbands to burn."

On the subject of Our Duty to the Degraded Classes she had some original and vigorously expressed opinions. She believed that habitual paupers as well as criminals are defectives whom society may deprive of their freedom as it does the insane. Pauperism is not, as we think, a necessary evil, but a foul disease. Even the worthy poor should not receive alms, but should work or in some way give an equivalent for what they receive. Pauperism should not be tampered with, but stamped out. It is not an accident, but a disease which can be controlled and prevented.

For many of her lectures at this period, as had been the case for many years, she received no money. The year 1914, five years after her retirement, was financially the most profitable; in this year she received more than two thousand dollars from her public speaking.

In the summer of 1915 Miss Sanford made an extended western trip, lecturing in northern Montana, and for the first time longing for home she wrote to her niece in Minneapolis,

"How glad I am that I am engaged in Minneapolis for September. It will be so delightful to be at home, and so good to be earning the money I need." Her gratitude to her niece found expression when she said, "I am indeed happy that you enjoy our home, and more thankful than I can tell that I have you to make it home for me. I hope we may have some delightful years together yet." On this trip she wrote almost daily to her niece, and in every letter repeated her desire to be at home. In one letter she began by saying, "It is 5:30 in the morning and I am all ready for the day's work. Of course I have not had breakfast yet, but I have had my bath in this delicious, soft, clear water. All the work I have to do is done, and with warm clothing on I am sitting outside my cabin door writing. It is glorious sitting here and seeing the sunlight creep down on the mountains and to feel this life-giving air. I am sure these weeks are being a great benefit to me. I feel now so well and sound and so thankful for this vigor. I am alone in my cabin now and I enjoy it hugely. You had better send me more papers here. We get no news at all, and I leave the papers when I have read them in the schoolroom where the girls can see them." A snap shot of her here standing before her

log cabin shows the vitality of a woman half her age. Another surprising photograph shows her in a mountain clearing seated astride a pony. She has on a cowboy hat, and has a bandanna handkerchief knotted around her neck. Her attitude indicates that she expects to start at once on a morning journey. Alert and eager, she seems keenly pleased at the prospect. She had left the railroad and journeyed over the roughest of stage roads thirty-five miles into the wilderness to lecture to a camp of normal school students. For two weeks she spoke to them three times a day. Just at twilight each evening a big bon-fire was started, and the whole community gathered around it while Professor Sanford repeated some of her favorite poems.

For a woman nearing eighty years of age the strenuous travelling she describes in her letters is marvelous: "It was a queer jaunt up here from Glendive. I left there at seven in the morning and got here after six at night. I rode a little way, then changed cars, or rather waited at the station to change, then went on a little ways further and changed again; and so on four times." Within a week Miss Sanford was writing from another town in Montana: "My work here is somewhat strenuous but very

Maria Sanford at 78 Years of Age

satisfactory. Everybody is so much pleased! The people of the town crowd in every afternoon to hear. This evening I am to give a lecture for them. Sunday I am to take part of the service, and Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock I am to speak to the mothers. They pay me for this evening but not for Tuesday. They said they should be so glad to have the talk to the mothers, it was so much needed. So I told them I would give them the talk Tuesday afternoon free."

On leaving this town Miss Sanford wrote to her niece: "I may go to Lewistown. To go there I change at Bainville, then change again at Havre at 2:00 A. M., leave Havre at 4:40 A. M., and reach Lewistown at 7:30 P. M. I do not earn much by going there, but I occupy vacant days and get my fare, which counts, and I had rather be at work than idle." Again her longing to be at home is expressed a few days later in a letter to the same niece: "Another Monday morning, and I am beginning the last full week before I go home. I am wondering how it would seem to me if I could stay at home and not be going away all the time. I feel sure I should enjoy it if I were busy and you were there. . . . I am so thankful for my health and strength. I shall need it all when I come

to the Minneapolis campaign. That will be hard, I know, but I am more than glad to be in it."

As the month of August drew to a close Miss Sanford's longing increased. From Havre she wrote, "I am in a hurry to see you. It is only one week from tonight that I shall be at home, I hope . . . I am beginning to feel a little easier about my affairs. I have still a lot to pay, but it is good to be home, and that work in Minneapolis will help. It looks now as if by next May I should be where I need not worry. I will hope for freedom—not quite from debt, but from anxiety." A day or two later she writes again to her niece, "I had another delightful surprise yesterday in getting your letter. I had not expected to get any letters here and it seemed such a long time not to hear from you, but these two letters make it short. Soon now I shall be at home . . . I have to go the same round about way I came. It doesn't matter. I am feeling so well and strong I shall not mind the waits. The only one I really dread is at Glendive. I get there at 4:40 P. M. and stay until 2:00 A. M., and the station is swarming with flies. When I came on I went outdoors and lay on a truck. It was a warm night."

After the Minneapolis campaign Miss San-

ford started on an eastern trip, stopping in Chicago, then going on to New York and later to Virginia. Her longing to be at home grew. She still wrote to her niece almost daily and looked eagerly for letters from home. From Chicago she wrote, "I am certainly a great deal better than I was a year ago, for I gave three addresses on Thursday and then came down here yesterday, and I do not feel tired at all. . . . Work is about the best thing we get in this world except such loving friends as you are to me."

While she was in Chicago at this time she received a letter from the Minneapolis Journal asking her to go to Gary, Indiana, to visit the famous Gary schools. She wrote two letters for the Journal about this visit and advised the Minneapolis educators not to hurry to introduce the Gary system in Minneapolis. Although she found many of the novel features of the school good in theory, she did not feel that they always worked out satisfactorily. One of the greatest objections to the system, she felt, was the overworking of the teachers. Miss Sanford made such an impression on the school children of Gary that one small child wrote of her: "The little old-fashioned lady appeared quite suddenly in the big new-fash-

ioned school. Her quick light step was that of a girl. Her snow white hair, combed straight back from her forehead and coiled in a knot at the nape of her neck, was just the way our grandmothers do. Her black silk was just the kind we would want her to wear and just the kind our grandmothers wear today. As she stepped on the platform a breathless hush fell on the audience. Everyone wanted to hear the message that the little old-fashioned lady had to bring to us. When she spoke a look of surprise came into the faces of those in the audience. Her voice was as clear as a bell. It rang through the room, strong and clear. Everyone was quiet from the fourth grade to the twelfth. She recited geometry propositions which she had studied sixty years ago. She told us—O, so many things! Miss Sanford's talk is one that will be long remembered. The words of the little old-fashioned lady will echo and re-echo through the halls of the big new-fashioned school."

Miss Sanford wrote to her niece about her visit: "I had a very nice time at Gary but it was pretty hard work, and I am feeling a little tired. They remembered me from last year and treated me royally. Yesterday I spoke five times, including a story I told to a class of

children." After her visit to Gary Miss Sanford wrote to her niece, "You can't tell how I look forward to next spring when what I earn will pull me out of trouble. I shall have to be careful and save right on, but I shall not have to worry as to how I am to meet necessary payments nor to worry as to what would be done if I should die."

As she went on further east she continued to ride in day coaches and to have to change in the middle of the night. Although she was a pioneer woman and in many respects ahead of her time, in other ways she was a Puritan of the Puritans. She told some friends that it never seemed quite nice to her to go into a sleeper. She could curl up comfortably on the seat of a day coach and sleep with her clothes on. She didn't like to undress in a railway train. From somewhere in New York Miss Sanford wrote to her niece, "I have had a very comfortable night. I had to change in Buffalo and wait from 2:30 to 4:30 A. M. That was the only unpleasant thing, but I stretched out in the station and slept for a while. I am all right now."

After going south as far as Virginia she returned to her native state to rest a few days before filling lecture engagements on her re-

turn journey. On New Year's Day she was in Yalesville, Connecticut, staying with a cousin, and for the first time in many years relaxing somewhat and enjoying a pleasant visit. She left the house in the afternoon one day to go to the post office. There had been an ice storm and she had the misfortune to fall on the ice, dislocating her shoulder and injuring herself so severely that with difficulty she reached a doctor's office. An examination showed that there were no broken bones, but she had to be carried back to the house. The cousin urged her to go to bed, but Miss Sanford insisted that she must take the train that night for Troy, New York; and in spite of the fact that she was unable to stand she insisted on travelling.

She was put aboard the train, and when she reached Troy, still unable to walk, she was wheeled to the platform at the hall where she was to lecture. From there she went on to three other cities in New York, still unable to walk, and in this way she filled all her lecture engagements between New York and Minneapolis. When she reached home she was obliged to go to bed and unable to raise her hand to her mouth, yet in less than a week she was on her way to keep lecture engagements in California. Her niece packed her trunk, friends

took her to the train. No one knows how she was cared for on the road, but she reached her journey's end in California much better than when she left Minneapolis and never failed in a single engagement.

Her niece, who was in doubt about the wisdom of such a long journey was re-assured by the letter her aunt wrote at her first stopping place: "I reached here yesterday at 3:00 A. M. There had been landslides, which blocked the trains. We had to get out and walk about two long blocks through slush and mud, and once a trestle bridge on the ties. The men in charge were very kind and did all they could for us. They took charge of the valise, and they put me in charge of two Italians who led me, one on one side and the other on the other. I got along very well with their help so far as my lameness was concerned, but you should have seen my dress. The mud on the right side was up at least four inches and spattered up a foot and a half all around. My cloak was held up by the men's arms and so escaped. My shoes were all mud to the very top, *but we got through* and were thankful we were not in the river that was raging by our side. My trunk did not come until this morning. When I got to the hotel I had a warm room with plenty of

hot water. I just put the bottom of my dress into the bowl and washed it through several waters and hung it on the radiator. Then I took a wash cloth and washed my shoes and my rubbers and set them up to dry. It was four o'clock when I got them cleaned and I went to bed happy. I did so good a job of cleaning my clothes that by some more sponging I was decent for my lectures in the afternoon and evening."

A week later, "I have given eleven lectures at Eureka and five at Arcata. Oh, if they only fill my time so that I can get this load of debt off I shall be happy as a bird! I count every day how much I have earned . . . Oh, how glad I shall be to get home! But I want to get the work here and the money, and they all say I do them so much good. I have been delightfully entertained, but I want to see you and be at home."

Three days later from another town in California came the following: "Yesterday morning before I came here I was feeling so homesick I could have cried. I had been comfortable enough but I was disappointed about one town not taking a full course of my lectures, and I did not know whether any of the towns would do so, and I felt like giving up and com-

ing home. But here the people are very enthusiastic, and with these kind friends around me things look bright again."

In spite of the strenuous traveling Miss Sanford gave lectures which were not required. From one town she wrote in February, "I have arranged to speak twice tomorrow and to address the high school Monday. Of course this isn't my business. All I am strictly required to do is to give the lectures when they have planned for them, but if I can help I am glad, and then too I do some good by speaking . . . They thought that they could not possibly pay for a course this year, but I preached twice on Sunday and spoke in the schools three times yesterday, and they are so much pleased they are going to work hard to get a course. It is very pleasant to feel that people always like my work.

"When I was dressed this morning about seven o'clock I felt the old impulse I used to feel to take a real run before breakfast in the open air. The rain had not begun and I had a nice walk. It is a good while since I have felt like doing this . . . Your good care while I was home helped to bring me out right. Nobody knows how thankful I am that I have you to care for me when I need it."

A month later from San Francisco Miss Sanford wrote to her niece, "I am trying hard to pay up my debts. I have been counting up, and if I do not have anything new to meet, I ought to have all but the mortgage on our house and my other house paid up by next January. I do want very much to pay that off."

Her thought for others when she was sacrificing herself was as generous as when she was young and strong. One unusual bit of thoughtfulness was shown in the following: "I don't like to be at a hotel where servants expect tips unless money is provided for that; and I cannot afford to give it myself. I rather deny myself a meal than go where waiters expect to be paid and give them nothing. I have done so many a time."

About the fair in San Francisco she wrote: "I intend to go to the fair. I grudge the dollar it will cost, but I think it hardly best to come home without having seen it at all."

Miss Sanford's anxiety about her independence was voiced in a letter to her niece later in the same year: "It seems to me dreadful to be old and not have assured means of support. I rather work and pinch all my life if only I could know I was provided for. It was this feeling which made me so troubled when I

thought the Carnegie pension might not be paid. . . . If one only has a small sum, but it is sure and lasts as long as one lives, it is protection against that dreadful thing, being dependent. Saving and scrimping are not agreeable but they are *heaven* compared to that.''

Miss Sanford's two seasons of lectures in California in 1915 and 1916 were given in the extension department of the University of California. The first season she gave single lectures from Berkeley to Los Angeles, travelling at night to keep her appointments. The next season the manager, in order to conserve Miss Sanford's strength, arranged to have her lecture a week in a place. It required some persuasion to get the people to agree to have one lecturer for so long a period. The manager said that in eight years of extension work there had never been another speaker who could be depended on to arouse keen interest and always give something worth while. The work in one place shows how she appealed to the interests of all classes. In Santa Cruz she lectured to the high school students on Shakespeare, and to the teachers on English; at the men's luncheons she spoke on patriotic subjects; in the afternoons she addressed the parents' and

teachers' associations; Sundays she preached in the churches. She left the town stimulated and revived, a wonderful achievement.

She was straining every nerve at this time to get her debts paid by the middle of the year. She succeeded in her endeavor so well that on June 8, 1916, she made a memorandum: "This seems my day of emancipation, the beginning of life—the life I have always longed to live, but I have been forced to work for a living. Yesterday I went over my accounts, and while I still owe about four thousand dollars, it is all, except my note to Mrs. ——— secured; so I need not worry about getting work, but I can work for others."

To celebrate the great occasion Miss Sanford for the first time bought something for herself that she considered a luxury. She had always loved beautiful gloves but she never wore them. She had always loved beautiful lace but had never allowed herself even a white ruching in her dress. She would have loved to dress in white but instead had always dressed in black. She always loved to take out from her dress pocket a fresh handkerchief, neatly folded, to be used to wipe dust from her hands, but she had never had all the handkerchiefs she wanted. She always used men's handkerchiefs because

they were used only for her hands; and now when someone gave her thirty dollars and urged her to buy with it something for herself, she bought thirty men's linen handkerchiefs for a dollar apiece, and for once in her life had enough of something she wanted. Her hands, which were large, were compared by artists to Lincoln's. After her death Miss McKinstry painted a second portrait of her, selecting for her model a photograph which shows the beauty of her hand. Five portarits of her are known to have been painted.

Miss Sanford planned every birthday to make some improvement. She chose for her seventy-fifth to wear white at sleeves and neck. Thereafter clerks in the best store in Minneapolis took pains to keep for her boxes of ruching even when that article of dress was not in fashion.

CHAPTER IX

HARVEST

In the fall of 1916 Miss Sanford received notice from the secretary of the Minneapolis Board of Education that one of the public schools was to be named in her honor. She was deeply appreciative and at once adopted the school, which, to her great delight, was in one of the newer parts of the city. True to her pioneering instinct she remarked many times that she was very glad the school which received her name was a small and struggling one. It consisted of four portables, and comprised only the first four grades. As soon as possible Miss Sanford visited the school, spoke to the children, and from that time on became their fairy godmother. At her first visit she gave to each grade a motto. To the first she gave the four B's: "Be clean, be kind, be courteous, be true," the meaning of which was explained, word by word, by their teacher, and which was kept on the blackboard. The children memorized the motto and learned to write it. To the higher grades she gave to the boys, "I am going

to be a fine, strong, noble man''; and to the girls, ''I am going to be a true, strong, beautiful woman.'' These were copied at stated intervals in their best hand writing and sent to Miss Sanford so that she could see the improvement in their penmanship.

Because her eightieth birthday occurred in the year that this school was named for her, the children of each grade sent her a birthday gift. Each of the first grade sent a hand made birthday card, and letter. One said, ''I hope you will have a good time. Christmas will be coming soon. I love you. How do you feel today?'' One of the second grade, ''I wish you a happy birthday. I go to the nice little school that is named after you. We are very glad that you are coming to see us Wednesday.'' Another, ''I should like to live to be as old as you and do as many lovely things for people.'' One of the third grade, ''We would like to have you tell us about your school days and the children of that time. Our building is not as good as some of the buildings but we have the best play grounds in the city. We play in Farview Park. This is the highest grade in the school. We are the only children who have ink to use. We hope you will like our school.''

Every child in the school sent Miss Sanford

a birthday greeting, and the principal of the school sent a message from the teachers. Miss Sanford treasured all these letters as long as she lived. The grade school teachers of Minneapolis also sent her a birthday greeting of eighty dollars in gold, presented in two beautiful gilt boxes made for the purpose, and a card: "To our dear Miss Sanford: You have done so much cheerfully for the grade teachers of Minneapolis that we venture to ask you to grant us one more favor, to accept the accompanying birthday gift that we may know that our gratitude for your eighty golden years is recognized by you."

The University of Minnesota celebrated the occasion by a general convocation of all the colleges of the University at the University Armory. "It was an event. University and alumni representatives had been at work for weeks arranging for this all-state convocation to pay tribute to Miss Sanford. On the stage with the honored guests sat a group representative of the whole span of nearly thirty years in which Miss Sanford had been a member of the University faculty. There was Dr. William Watts Folwell, first president of the University, the man who 'discovered' Miss Sanford; Dr. Cyrus Northrop, President Emeritus of the

University, co-worker with Professor Sanford for twenty-five years; Professor John Corrin Hutchinson of the Department of Greek, who was on the faculty when Miss Sanford joined it; Professor Leroy Arnold of Hamline University, Miss Gratia Countryman, public librarian, and Professor Oscar Firkins, formerly a member of Miss Sanford's department; all three of these were her former students. President Vincent presided. The group contained the three men who had presided over the administration of the University since its beginning, and also the three veterans of the University—Dr. Folwell, eighty-five years old; Dr. Northrop, eighty-two; and Miss Sanford, eighty. Dr. Northrop spoke of Miss Sanford from his long friendship and years of professional relationship; Professor Hutchinson spoke of her from the standpoint of a colleague, Professor Arnold from the standpoint of the student before the teacher; and Miss Countryman told of Miss Sanford as a citizen." At the close of her address Miss Countryman, on behalf of the alumni, presented Miss Sanford with a bouquet of eighty pink roses, one for each year. Professor Firkins then read a poem written for the occasion, entitled

MARIA

What name, said you? No, not "Mary,"
Debonair, sedate, and chary,
Not "Marie," demure and wary,
Fits the presence I acclaim:
No, the thing I chant is bigger,
It is impetus and vigor,
Truculence it is and rigor,
It's a crisp and couchant trigger,
And "Maria" is its name.

She's no April, self-beguilèd,
With a dimmed and dropping eyelid,
Nor a May, by zephyrs shy led,
To some brook's enameled play:
She is winter, lusty, stinging,
Winter, martial, cordial, ringing,
Fire-glow with frost-gleam bringing,
All the geese, affrighted, winging
From its presence far away.

Of reforms she keeps the tally;
When the civic virtues rally,
Leads the cry and heads the sally,
With her besom sweeps the alley,
And the handle of the same
As a club she stoutly uses,
Stroke for stroke she ne'er refuses,
Satan, when he counts his bruises
Pours confusion on her name.

On through hootings and applauses
She can steer her drove of causes,
Propaganda fierce as Shaw's is

Crashes through the crêpes and gauzes
Raised to screen the bar or slum;
If reform of vigor short is,
She injects the *aqua fortis,*
Egging on to speedier sorties
The millenium, that tortoise,
And that creeper, Kingdom Come.

Quaking beam and trembling rafter
Knew her hurricane of laughter,
Strong to lift and buoy and waft her
To some far-off land of mirth;
And we guessed she had been tippling
On that liquor blithely rippling,
That intoxicant called Kipling,
When the thunder-peal had birth.

At her word, compelling fiat
Tumult shuddered into quiet,
Despotism fringed with riot
Stamped the sway Maria bore;
Did some student, bold of feature,
Strive to challenge or impeach her,
Override or overreach her,
Débris from that hapless creature
Made mosaic of the floor.

When from sharp examination
Back came themelet or oration,
His own son—in that mutation—
Scarce the student parent knew;
Back it came with strange injections,
Drawn and quartered, slit in sections;

Hintings at august perfections,
Charities iced with corrections,
At his head Maria threw.

"Shall" and "Will," from mixed embraces,
Scudded to their lawful places,
Pronouns rummaged for their cases,
Mincing airs and mawkish graces
Vanished to some kindlier shore;
How the air grew calorific,
When she thundered, "Be specific!
Prune it! Write hieroglyphic
When you're mummies—not before!"

Let the years keep up their snowballs;
They are gossamers and blowballs;
Charon mourns his stinted obols,
Time bewails his unpaid score;
Hers were sixties hale as Goethe's,
Romping seventies whose fate is
On into the madcap eighties
Fearless and uncurbed to pour.

Praise her not with smug obeisance,
Sleek and millinered complaisance!
Save your peppermint and raisins
For the dupe of sugared lies!
Praise her, travel-soiled and dusty,
Praise her, vehement and gusty,
Praise her, kinked and knurled and crusty,
Leonine and hale and lusty,
Praise her, oaken-ribbed and trusty,
Shout "Maria" to the skies.

O. W. Firkins.

During the reading of Mr. Firkins's poem, Miss Sanford showed her evident enjoyment of its lines in the way which all her students knew so well—her face aglow, her eyes sparkling with an appreciation of its humor and her whole body frequently shaking with scarcely suppressed merriment. Her response to all these greetings was brief, but full of the fire of her indomitable personality. She spoke with feeling of her pride in the love of her students; and for the first time alluded to her recent need to care for her health.

Following the exercises at the University Miss Sanford was entertained at luncheon at the home of one of her friends; for days afterwards she was kept busy reading scores of letters from people of prominence, from former students, and from people who were grateful for help she had given them. One of the letters she especially treasured contained this sentence: "It is hardly necessary to *wish* you happiness and merriment, since you were the original inventor and patentee of those states of mind; but we can tell you how glad we are that you did invent them."

Another writer remarked: "Herbert Spencer some where says (I quote this to show my learning) that life should not be measured by

its length but by its amount. Judged by this standard, Methuselah, dear Miss Sanford, was an infant compared to you. You have had both length of life and fullness of life. That it has been a life of renunciation and sacrifice of personal happiness I know, but I know also that you would be the last to regret the self-forgetful service that has meant so much to the many who have come under your influence during the long years of your unceasing activity." The director of the Minneapolis Art School sent his appreciation of the noble work she had done for the advancement of culture and a better understanding of art among the young people.

A more personal letter came from a well known Minneapolis woman: "It won't hurt you, I know, to have a bit of a love letter once in awhile, so this comes to tell you what a joy you are to all our hearts. You must know that already, and yet one's capacity to assimilate the expression of such love is seldom overtaxed, and you—who have no children after the flesh to call you 'Mother', yet have hundreds of children after the spirit who sustain that relationship to you—will understand a word from one of them. To see a spirit incarnate, triumphant over all the material things of life, taking on each year added strength and beauty and with

a heart large enough to understand the bond and the free, and to pour daily in overflowing measure inspiration for all, makes one understand the great of all the past, and reach forward with faith and hope for the womanhood—nay, the manhood as well—of all the future. All this you do and we love you and revere you for it."

Among all these letters from prominent people came one from her grand-nephew "somewhere in France". The soldier was again the boy living with his great-aunt and going to school. He said: "You must be careful of yourself and not strain that back of yours. I read in Mother's letter that you had strained it working in the barn. I wish I were there to help you and make you stop lifting those heavy things which hurt your back."

To all these friends Miss Sanford sent through the press a printed message: "When I heard that my friends had been asked to write letters I felt sorry. I feared that it would be a perfunctory service, a kind of duty, like going to a funeral; but the letters, messages of love, warmed my heart. I was not puffed up. I have all this week felt like the wicked old sinner who heard a sermon on universal salvation. He went home, saying to himself, 'Blessed doc-

trine, blessed doctrine! If I could only believe it!' "

An editorial in the Minneapolis Tribune paid her an especially warm tribute: "Dr. George E. Vincent was right when he once referred to Miss Sanford as 'the woman who had been retired and didn't know it.' Representative Clarence B. Miller, of Duluth, was right too when he called her 'the best known, best loved woman in Minnesota'; and Dr. William W. Folwell, first president of the University of Minnesota, has a clear title to the pride that is in him because he 'discovered' Maria Sanford. Mankind's biggest item of debt to Maria Sanford, however, is that she discovered herself away back in her girlhood days in New England, and that she has made the most of that discovery ever since."

The other papers of the city and most of those of the state did Miss Sanford honor on this day; and, as she had done once before, she gave her message through the press to the public. The one for this day was perhaps the most notable of all. She said, "Work is life to me. It always has been and always will be. I am hoping that my health and strength will hold out for another ten years, to enable me to do things

for others that I have always longed to do but never had the time."

The next great event of Miss Sanford's life occurred in June, 1917. Although she had been a university professor for nearly thirty years she had no degree. The University of Minnesota had never granted an honorary degree, so that Miss Sanford was in the peculiar position of a professor with no degree at all. Many of her friends had expressed the wish that this honor might be given to one so worthy; but it was a retired public school teacher who took the first definite steps toward the accomplishment of the desire; and a trustee of Carleton College, one of Miss Sanford's old students, who carried it out. At the June commencement, 1917, Carleton College conferred upon President Emeritus Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, the degree of Doctor of Laws. Although other universities had long before conferred the degree on him, President Cowling stated that in the whole fifty years of its existence Carleton College had never before conferred this degree. At the same time Miss Sanford was made a Doctor of the More Humane Letters. In a simple undergraduate's gown, she was presented for the degree by a former student of her own, who was at that time Dean of

Women of Carleton College. The most memorable passage in the presentation went to the hearts of the hearers: "She is an example of noble Christian womanhood, with an energy of fire and a heart of peace . . . gracious, loving, and beloved, to whom nothing human is alien."

President Cowling said that the College honored itself in thus showing its appreciation of the two best loved educators of Minnesota. At the age of more than eighty years Miss Sanford was as happy to have a right to the title of Doctor as only one could be who had had so stressful a life. It gave her a justifiable pleasure thereafter to have her letters addressed to Dr. Maria Sanford; and her friends were mindful of their opportunity to give her the new title.

Her health during the summer was so much improved that she was busy in the state with work for child welfare, liberty loan campaigns, and woman suffrage. She talked to business women's clubs, to Jewish and Catholic Associations. Every kind of body working for the public welfare wanted her advice and approbation.

Her interest in the public school which had been named for her was largely an indication of her firm loyalty to the public school system

of the country. She believed private schools for young children in a democracy were a grave mistake. When an opportunity offered itself for her to express her belief to one of the prominent supporters of several private schools she wrote as follows: "Though until last evening you were a stranger to me, I have long known and honored your reputation for wisdom and public spirit, and I have wished I might say to you what I am now taking the liberty to say. I have been thinking deeply of the subject touched upon in our conversation on the way home. You will, I think, agree with me that the public school is one of the most valuable institutions, and that all good citizens should be jealous of its popularity. Now, suppose that you were devoted to the public schools as Mr. Pillsbury was to the State University. Let me say first that I feel enthusiastic admiration for the particular private schools in which you are interested but I am a devotee of the public schools and I have regarded with deep regret the devotion which such men as yourself are giving to private schools. When people with shallow notions of pride choose private schools it does not matter, but when men like yourself and the other trustees of these private schools, men of public spirit and good judgment, stand

for exclusive schools, it is a public loss. If a hundred men like yourself, having taste, refinement and wealth, had each been giving to the public school which his children attended as much time, enthusiastic interest and money as you are giving to the private schools, and some one should induce them to transfer their interests to a private institution, could any advantage their children obtained equal the loss of their interest in and devotion to the public schools?''

At this period Miss Sanford was glad to be able to stay nearer home for a time, especially in cold weather. Each succeeding birthday was felt to be an event of public significance. Her eighty-first birthday was celebrated by a dinner given at Senator James Elwell's, at which the President of the University and his wife, the two ex-presidents and their wives, and friends to the number of fourteen were present. On the day following, the children of the Maria Sanford School celebrated the occasion. Each pupil had written and sent through the mail an invitation to their patron to attend the celebration. On this occasion they brought gifts from home. Some had baked pies and cakes and cookies. Others made candy and crullers, bread, book marks, handkerchiefs and paper

wreaths. One little girl who could not cook brought two eggs, each bearing on its shell the penciled legend that it had been laid on Miss Sanford's birthday. Some of the small boys made a cake holder with a place for eighty-one candles around the edge. The littlest children made decorated birthday cards with their own drawings and some of the cards with the sentence, "I love you" printed on them, and signed their names to the cards. The other children wrote little birthday letters. All of these gifts Miss Sanford kept.

The school at this time was presented by the Thomas Lowry School of Minneapolis with six beautiful pictures in honor of Professor Sanford. A friend of Miss Sanford's also gave to the school a beautiful reproduction of the sculptor Daniel Chester French's frieze, The Teacher, executed for Wellesley College. Miss Sanford took lunch with the teachers on this day, talked to them as a body, and gave four talks to pupils in four different rooms, because there was no assembly room to which they could all repair. She received their great array of gifts and heard dozens of presentation speeches. When it was all over she put a star after this one of a long list of birthdays, and asked that the names of pupils neither absent

nor tardy each term should be sent to her to be placed on her roll of honor.

During the winter, while she was on a trip to Montana, she sent some sleds to the children of the school. Farview Park adjoining the school gave them the most wonderful playground in the city; and the children enjoyed sliding in the park. So much did they enjoy the sleds that the teachers took a novel way of getting obedience. The child who was best in each room during the day was allowed to take a sled home over night, returning it to school the next day. At the end of the week the child who had been best all the week took the sled home Friday night to keep until the following Monday.

As the school was in need of funds for some apparatus Miss Sanford gave four lectures for that purpose. At the request of the teachers she gave them on several occasions a model reading lesson. The children, on their part, whenever they had anything they could share with Miss Sanford were eager to do so. The school had been presented with a victrola which the children wished to have some one enjoy during the summer vacation, and so sent it to Miss Sanford's home. They had learned to sing with its aid her favorite songs, Home, Sweet Home, Annie Laurie, and Brahm's Lullaby.

This exchange of good wishes and gifts made a very strong bond between the children and their benefactor. She did not forget them even when school was out. She was interested in clean-up week observances by the schools, and to encourage the pupils to keep up the observance throughout the year she drove around the neighborhood in the summer, inspecting the home yards and praising all the good work she saw. Her interest extended to each pupil. She talked privately, for instance, to one boy who was trying to break the habits of truancy and smoking, and told him she was proud of the efforts he had made. She also told the children that she wanted her Liberty Loan bond purchase made through the school.

The first principal of the school gives a vivid account of the relation of Miss Sanford to the children: "From beginning to end the circumstances of Miss Sanford's connection with the school, its pupils and teachers, were those rare in human experience—without a flaw. Her first visit was on the twentieth of December, 1916. Our little school was completed in November, so we planned for a party on Miss Sanford's birthday. The weather turned bitterly cold, 28° below zero, and as our portable buildings were stove heated and the floors cold, I

telephoned her on the evening before, that although it would be a disappointment to the children, I preferred our plans should be postponed rather than that she should run any risk of taking cold from exposure. She replied, in her energetic way, that she would be with us, and the next day, there she was, and so interested in the little people of the school! As for them it was a case of love at first sight. They said, 'How little she is, but how big a voice she has, and her eyes are so bright! We love her!'

"On that first visit she told them that they were all her children. I am sure that the boys and girls who were there that day will never forget her talk. After the pupils were dismissed she talked to the teachers, young assistants who were just beginning their work in Minneapolis. She told them of her early teaching, of its failures and its triumphs. One of the girls, who had been seriously considering giving up the profession said, 'Miss Sanford has given me a new outlook. My discouragement has vanished in thin air. I feel that she has made teaching the noblest of professions, and I am glad to follow where she has led.'

"One incident which greatly amused Miss Sanford grew out of her talk on the use of good English. Some of the larger boys were so im-

pressed that they constituted themselves a vigilance committee to stop the use of profanity. There was an immediate improvement in the choice of words on the play ground as the culprits were brought to the office. One recess a delegation appeared dragging in a boy who stood with averted face while they reported, 'He has been swearing.' I questioned him and he admitted that the charge was just. Then I inquired what he had said and a chorus replied 'He said gee whiz, he did!'

"She took a personal interest in the children. One bright little French boy, whose home was on the river flats, made a recitation which pleased her. She noticed the ragged condition of his clothes, and insisted upon ordering for him a new outfit. Knowing that her purse was not so large as her heart I refused to permit her to do this, and through the Children's Relief Society had the boy better clothed before her next visit. A dwarfed child excited her sympathy and interest, and, at her solicitation, a specialist examined him and reported that in his case there was no remedy She gave sympathetic advice and praise to a lad who had a terrible inheritance and who was making a valiant and successful struggle against an appetite for drink.

"To encourage the habit of saving, she

bought thrift stamps to be given as rewards to those who earned and saved their pennies. Every month slips containing specimens of the children's penmanship were sent her, and she faithfully compared them with those of the previous month. Her honor roll contained the names of those neither absent nor tardy during the term. In a letter written from Montana she says 'I am keeping the list carefully in my trunk and when I get home I shall hang it up in my room.' In the same letter she refers to the fifth grade pupils who had been transferred to the Bremer School. She says, 'I want you to tell the boys and girls who have gone to the Bremer that they are still my boys and girls, and that I shall look for their names on the roll of honor just the same as before'; and again she says, ' I cannot tell you how dear to me that school is, how I love the teachers and the children, and how I long to see them. I am sure the school is, and is to be, one of the brightest and most blessed spots in Minneapolis.'

"On one occasion after her return from an eastern trip Miss Sanford said to the pupils that when she was away from Minneapolis her first thought was of her home, but her second was always of the school. The pupils held her in the deepest reverence. Their regard for her

was, I believe, unusual in the hearts of children so young. We think of reverence as a tribute from more mature natures, but over and again it was manifested there. Their greatest joy, their highest reward, was to have Miss Sanford visit the school. They loved to write to her, to make for her Christmas cards, valentines and Easter greetings.

"Miss Sanford's last visit to the school was in the spring of 1919. The occasion was the presentation of the white ribbons and pins at the completion of the campaign for cleanliness. The exercises were held in the ravine on the east side of Farview Park. It was a perfect day, and an ideal setting for our pageant. The pupils who had left our school to attend the higher grades in the Hawthorne and Bremer were excused in time to join us. One of the lads, acting as king, knighted those who had kept their vows (brushing teeth, bathing, deep breathing in the open air), and then the young knights marched to where Miss Sanford sat embowered in flowers and knelt before their Queen to receive their badges and her blessing. Her talk, interspersed with the songs of birds, was like her life, earnest, pure, inspiring, uplifting. Since it was to be her last time there, I am deeply grateful that it was so perfect an

ending of the sweet relationship which from first to last was a benediction to us all."

During the winter Miss Sanford's health was so much impaired that she wrote to a former student and member of her faculty: "The doctors have found by X-ray a very serious aneurism of the aorta. I am forbidden to do any manual labor and to have any mental excitement. Fortunately lecturing does not come under either of these heads, and I spoke four times last week and have another lecture for this afternoon. It is mostly work without pay, but that is what I have laid out for myself for these years, and I am willing to be *dreadful careful* if I may only be allowed to help in the work in which I am interested; if not I shall fold my hands and trust that the work may be put on those more capable. . . . I can enjoy fun just as well as ever, even though I know I am walking in the shadow of death. God meant life to be bright, and we serve him in making it so; and then I may live years, and it would be a pity to carry a long face all that time."

A doctor at a distance who knew of Miss Sanford's poor health wrote to her concerning it: "I am taking the liberty of writing the 'best loved woman in Minnesota' a little note. I feel

that I also belong to the circle of your friends, for you have given me a share in your hope and good cheer. I realize the gravity of the news that the doctor conveyed to you with regard to your health, but after all what does it matter what gate God leaves open when he wants to bring his children home! I admired your pluck in going on with your life as you had planned, and I also think your judgment was sound. Talking is not so much an effort to you as forced retirement, and, strange as it may seem, few people ever died of aneurism but rather of some of the inter-current diseases. Some day when I am in the city I am going to call just to see you in your home, so I can have that picture of you in my mind."

Early in the year 1918 Miss Sanford stated that to her Carnegie pension of fifteen hundred dollars she had added an irregular sum of from four to eight hundred dollars a year by lecturing. During this year she spent much more than her earnings in the support of her niece and children who were refugees from Turkey, and in the education of other children belonging to her family. She still felt that she must do as much lecturing as possible.

Starting from her nephew's home in North Dakota early in the year Miss Sanford pro-

ceeded westward, making patriotic speeches on an average of two a day, until she reached the University of Montana at Missoula. There she ended a two day patriotic speaking campaign in which she appeared before the high school once, at the university twice, at a luncheon in her honor at noon and at the church in the evening. This lecture tour was her contribution to her country in its crisis. She said as she had no husband, sons or grandsons to send to the war she must do something on her own initiative; and that was what she chose to do.

Her spirits were saddened by the news from the front. In a letter to her niece at home she wrote: "I really was very blue yesterday. I felt as if this would be my last trip. You see, Saturday night the paper brought Haig's address to his army and I was very much depressed by it. That night I did not sleep, but last night's news was more hopeful. I do hope the reserves will come to the help of those brave British soldiers. The loss of the channel ports would be dreadful. Well, last night I went to sleep about nine o'clock and did not waken until morning. Such a thing has not happened in a long time, and all the world looks brighter this morning." A few days later, "Isn't it good the English are still holding firm! I do hope

they will not fail. . . . I make my expenses just as little as possible but I can't resist the desire to get a paper morning and evening." In the month of May Miss Sanford was traveling so rapidly that she wrote her niece where she could be found. From Great Falls, Montana, she wrote: "I have two lectures today. Tomorrow I go to Fort Benton. Monday I go to Chouteau, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday I lecture here and Friday twice. Friday I leave here, stopping at Highland to give their commencement address. Then Saturday night I start for home. This has a pleasant sound to me, I assure you."

Miss Sanford gave five lectures in one day at Lewistown, Montana, talking three hours and a half in all. At the Lewistown High School she spoke at 8:30 A. M., at the Clarkson High School across the river at 11 A. M., at the Lewistown Normal School at 2 P. M., at another school in the afternoon, and at a Red Cross meeting at the same place in the evening. This she said was the most strenuous day she experienced on this trip, during which she gave a hundred talks in about six weeks. Our Duty to Our Country was always the subject of the evening talks. She was particularly proud of the ovation she received at a big Red Cross

meeting at Great Falls, Montana. The hall was packed and nearly three hundred people had to stand. A silver collection was announced, and to spur the people on to give freely for the Red Cross Miss Sanford told them an old Connecticut recipe for pieplant pie: "Put in all the sugar your conscience will let you, and then shut your eyes and put in another handful." This appeal brought eighty-five dollars in about a minute.

While Miss Sanford was urging people to forego luxuries in order to give for the war, she felt that she herself must do what she asked others to do. She did not feel that she had a right to go into a dining car and spend a dollar for a meal; so she stopped at the lunch counters and bought her meals for twenty or twenty-five cents. The other seventy-five cents, she felt, belonged to the Government for the successful prosecution of the war.

On this trip Miss Sanford made one of her visits to the Indian School at Browning, Montana. The Blackfeet Indian Reservation she had visited three times during the preceding six months, at her own expense, because she knew that the Indian children were suffering with trachoma, and she hoped to be able to help them by encouraging them to treat their eyes.

The control she had over the children was so great that the agency physician wrote through the special supervisor in charge of the Blackfeet School to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, asking if there was any way by which Miss Sanford could be identified with the Indian service. If so he felt that it should by all means be done. Miss Sanford in writing home to her niece said: "I hope to make the children anxious to take the treatment and do just as the doctors tell them, but I tell you it is pretty hard to think of having a painful application to your eyes two or three times a week for a year! Then they must use their own towels, and this is hard in homes where people are careless; but I hope to reach all of them at last."

She made another effort to do something for Browning by writing to the Department of the Interior at Washington to see if Browning could not be made a townsite. Then the people could put in water and lights and could bond the town for such a school building as they needed. This would also give the vote to many men who were not then voters.

On a previous visit Miss Sanford had urged the people to interest the young Indians in enlisting in the army. She felt that for the sake

of the younger children the young men who were loafing about the town should be sent away, and that for the young men themselves nothing could be so valuable as the discipline they would get in the army and the habits of constant employment which they would there learn. She knew that some Indians from Minnesota who had joined the army were reported as excellent soldiers; that the discipline had had an admirable effect upon them. Influenced by what Miss Sanford said the people of Browning had an enthusiastic patriotic meeting, as a result of which a number of the young Indians enlisted. But after Indians were sent back on the ground that as wards and non-citizens they could not be employed in the army, Miss Sanford asked the Assistant Commissioner at Washington if there was not a possibility of correcting this by allowing the Indians to enlist as they were, or by granting citizenship to any willing to enlist.

During this trip to the west Miss Sanford wrote to her niece at home "My own affairs have not gone very prosperously. I hoped to get two lectures that I did not get, and one in the west that I planned on paid me less money than I expected. Still I keep up pretty good courage so long as I feel pretty well. I feel that

MARIA SANFORD
In Wyoming

I have been of real benefit to these Indian children and that pays me for all I have spent and suffered. I should not have decided to come on only I wanted to see and talk to them.

"The doctor said every child must have a separate wash basin as well as towels. The afternoon of the day I spoke to them there was a regular rush for the store to get the basins. This shows they did heed.

"I have been a little down hearted some days because I do not see my way clear, but I know that does not help.

"I was quite successful in my errand for the Indians and I hope my coming may be a source of good to them. I had an interview with the deputy commissioner. The commissioner was out of town, and I had a very pleasant interview with a senator who is much interested in the Indians. I am very glad I came."

It is safe to say that the people of Browning were as glad as she; for as a result of her visit there sixty per cent. of the terrible scourge of trachoma was stamped out. And a visit she made to Washington at her own expense enabled the people to get fifteen thousand dollars toward their much needed school house.

On her return home in July she took part in a historic pageant presented by the Civic Play-

ers of Minneapolis on the steps of the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts. This pageant, entitled The Torch Bearers, was given for the Council of National Defense, the proceeds to go to the Jewish War Relief Fund. The proceeds of a second presentation were used by the Minnesota Division of the National Council of Defense for patriotic propaganda.

A prologue in verse and five episodes with an interlude were prepared by the president of the Civic Players, who was one of her former students. After the fifth episode of the pageant, Miss Sanford appeared on the steps of the Art Institute to represent the Voice of the People. A reporter began his review of the pageant: "A little old lady in a black dress stood on the topmost step at the entrance to the Art Institute, framed in an orgy of gorgeous color. On pedestals at the side were groups of Belgian refugees, who had trailed painfully up the long flights of steps to find shelter with Mother Earth and with Liberty. Beside her, with the great white pillars of the Institute as a background were Columbia, Justice, Fraternity, Equality, and the women of Columbia's Court, holding in their arms an abundance of flowers and grains. Flags of the allies waved triumphantly. The little old lady looked down into the

faces of hundreds of soldiers and sailors, massed row on row on the white steps. Then she raised her arms and spoke so clearly that she could be heard by every one of the nine thousand people in the audience. No moment of the pageant of The Torch Bearers approached in beauty or impressiveness this picture with Maria Sanford, 'Minnesota's Grand Old Lady,' exhorting the audience on the white stairway:

"'Go forth; you are the torch bearers of a higher civilization. Over there is darkness and oppression and misery. Go forth, bear light and freedom and joy! Your courage shall defeat the oppressor! Your strength shall trample his ranks in the dust! Your self-sacrifice and devotion shall bind up the broken hearted and bring to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death light and life, victory and peace. Go forth triumphant on this glorious mission!

"'Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee; are all with thee.'

"No cheers greeted Miss Sanford as she finished her address. Heads were bowed throughout the audience and the voices that sang the Star Spangled Banner a few seconds later were softened into reverence."

As much as Miss Sanford appreciated the praise of her friends she felt that the reporter had given too much prominence to her appearance on this occasion and wrote him a note to that effect. It happened that he was one of her former students, and in reply to her letter he said: "Out of the thousands of students who enjoyed your guidance it is unlikely that you can remember me personally and you probably have no recollection of me, yet when your happily phrased note came yesterday it brought back to me the eagerness with which I anticipated your classes when I attended them nearly fifteen years ago, and because I did enjoy them and gained much from them it was not only a great privilege but a great pleasure to be able to review the pageant and to say a few words—however much they fell short of intention—about one of the most stirring speeches to which I ever have listened. It seemed to me that you did a very wonderful thing that evening, and I don't believe it possible to measure the amount of patriotism that you stirred. You may not know it but yours was the only voice that carried to every part of the huge audience. I do appreciate what all the others have done towards making the pageant the success it is. However, I can not change my opinion that

your oration aroused a tremendous patriotic thrill—and it is the one thing that is taking me again to the Art Institute tonight."

During the summer Miss Sanford continued work she had begun for a Minnesota unit which was to be sent to France. As a part of her contribution one Minneapolis woman, a graduate of the University, sent her a check for several hundred dollars, and a letter as follows: "This is sent unsolicited as I want every dollar to enter active service as a volunteer, not as a draftee. You may wonder why the check is being sent to yourself. In the first place it probably would not have been given except for hearing you talk last week. This being true, you have really earned the money and should count it on your list of funds raised. Again, I want to take advantage of this opportunity to express personal appreciation of your own fine, sturdy qualities of spirit and leadership. You never can be made to realize what you mean to the rest of us as an example of initiative and a spirit that always recognizes the finest in things and people, fearlessly and keenly following what you perceive to be the right, but tolerant to all."

Shortly afterward Miss Sanford received a smaller check for the same purpose, and a note

which said: "It is with pleasure that acting under the instruction of those behind your meeting at Stillwater on Sunday I send you the entire proceeds of the collection. You are to use this for the college work as you deem best. We would be glad if you wish to have it applied as a part of your contribution to the fund."

In this patriotic war work Miss Sanford did not forget the children, and the same week that she received the checks above mentioned she received also a letter from one of the third grade children at the Maria Sanford School. The little girl wrote: "I earned one of the thrift stamps that you left. I got the thrift stamp because I earned the most money of any child in the school. The way I earned the money was by washing dishes for my mother. For that I received twenty-five cents a week. My father gave me twenty-five cents a week for shelling beans. I get two thrift stamps each week. I thank you very much for the thrift stamps that you left."

Miss Sanford wrote a typical letter to the little girl, telling her that she was much pleased to get her letter and was delighted that she had been so persevering in her work; and assured her that the habit she had formed of working faithfully was even more valuable than the

stamps. She closed by saying, "I shall be proud to meet you when I visit the school again." Any one who ever knew the Maria Sanford School children can imagine how proud the child was to receive that letter.

While working for the Minnesota Unit Miss Sanford was notified by the State President of the Minnesota Women's Suffrage Association that she had been appointed a member of a ratification committee to serve in what the association believed would be the final drive in the enfranchisement of the women of the United States. The President of the United States had been advocating the federal suffrage amendment as a war measure, and with his active cooperation the National Committee believed that success was assured in the near future. Miss Sanford hoped to live to see suffrage granted to women, but that was not to be.

A new tribute was paid to her this year by the dedication to her of a new patriotic song entitled Loyal Minnesota. The proceeds of the song were to go to war relief work. The song was dedicated to "Professor Sanford, Minnesota's Grand Old Lady—who never grows old."

Miss Sanford's optimism and her desire to help others involved her several times late in life in further financial difficulties at the same

time that she was straining every nerve to lift her heaviest burden. According to the Puritan tradition she felt herself charged with the well being of all the members of her family and she tried to provide for their welfare when she should be taken from them. In this attempt she spent money for stock in a rubber plantation in Mexico, in a marble quarry in Colorado, and in copper mining in Montana. None of these ever gave her any returns. A few people who knew of her investments blamed her for wasting money; but one judge of large experience said that among all his acquaintances he knew of no one who had not succumbed to a similar temptation. The bankers who took care of Miss Sanford's affairs for many years gave similar testimony.

When she at last gave up hope of securing money in that way, she took part in a land drawing contest at the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana, and was awarded a claim, but felt that she was too old then to become a farmer. A former student of Miss Sanford's in Montana wrote to her that the number she had drawn would entitle her to a homestead. He said that if she would go to Montana he would select the very best piece of land on the Reservation that her number would entitle her to,

and would take her to examine her claim. He assured her that all of the Montana people would endeavor to make her stay among them not only pleasant but profitable. So great was her vigor even now that these business men did not think of her as too old or too feeble to undertake the life of a pioneer farmer.

As the state of her health permitted she continued to travel long distances in the interest of any cause for which her help was wanted. She went to New York City, sent by the Governor of Minnesota to the first national conference on unemployment. The delegation of several hundred men and women met in the City Hall and was welcomed by the Mayor. Professor Sanford was prominent among the labor leaders, state labor officials, settlement workers, factory inspectors and heads of charity organizations. At this conference she made a telling speech at the morning session. The value of her work here caused the Governor to appoint her the following month as a delegate to the tenth annual conference of the National Child Labor Committee in New Orleans. So much interest did she manifest in the work of the Child Welfare League of Minnesota, especially in the work for the feeble minded, that at the meeting of the State Conference of Charities

and Corrections in 1919 she was made honorary president of the association.

The girls of the new Vocational School asked Miss Sanford to give the first commencement address. Four years later the principal declared that it was the best address that had ever been given to the school. Miss Sanford was so much interested in this new school that she asked the class to write to her about themselves, their work, their hopes and their troubles. Many of them, after returning to their homes in various parts of the state, did as she had asked, and so pleased her that she kept their letters and wrote to them once a month. As always she met them upon their own ground. In one letter she said: "If you are at work I wish you would tell me in your next letter how much you have earned in the month past and how much you have been able to save either to pay money lent you for your education or to put in the bank. I shall be very glad when each of you has a bank account and saves a little each week to add to it. I don't want you to lay up the money which you ought to give to your mother but I want you to save the money which other girls spend for candy and ice cream and to go to the movies. Save this money carefully and by and by you will be

pleased and proud to see how much you have laid up."

Another of Miss Sanford's activities this year was a four weeks' service as speaker for the Citizens' League of Hennepin County. The chairman of the executive committee had written to ask her, because of her thorough devotion to the cause of temperance and her interest in working men, to assist the League in the campaign for prohibition. Although it was some years before the dry law was passed Miss Sanford was felt to have done great service in the cause. She was more at home this year than she had been for some time, yet her attachment to her home surroundings was often expressed. Writing to her niece who was away for a few days she said regarding her work in the temperance cause: "I enjoy the work and do not get very tired but it does seem lonesome to eat alone every day. I have had three invitations to lunch this week and I am going down to take breakfast with a neighbor this morning. She is to be all alone. I hope . . . I shall get another letter from you today. It makes you seem near and I love to get even a hasty line such as I am sending you."

At the meeting of the Minnesota Educational Association in Minneapolis this year Miss San-

ford was asked to be one of the speakers. She received the most spirited recognition ever awarded a public speaker by this association. The crowd stood cheering, waving handkerchiefs and making demonstrations which took on the air of an ovation to a great political leader, and lasted for some time after she reached the platform. At this meeting she was nominated for the presidency of the association, but declined because she was too busy and expected to be out of the state much of the time until the following May. She thanked her friends for the courtesy but asked them not to vote for her. She was made instead an honorary member of the association.

CHAPTER X

THE FAREWELL

The year 1919 was marked by perhaps a greater variety of talks than Miss Sanford had been called upon before to give. One Sunday she spoke at St. Mark's, the largest Episcopal church in the city, to an audience of twelve hundred at a memorial service for British war heroes; and for several Sundays during the illness of its minister she preached in the Congregational church of which she was a trustee. She received the thanks of the secretary for speaking to the women of the Minneapolis Steel and Machinery Company; and she was asked by a Minneapolis High School teacher of history and commercial law to read to his American history classes on the abolition movement.

Easter services in Minneapolis in 1919 were observed, not only in the churches but on the military field; and undenominational services were held at Farview Park in North Minneapolis. At this park, which adjoins the Maria

Sanford School, Professor Sanford was asked to speak. With her head bared and her face lifted to the large audience standing above her on the natural amphitheater of the hillside, Miss Sanford with a clear and exultant voice gave her Easter message like a seer of old. The closing paragraph was heartfelt:

"Now our boys are coming home triumphant and we are rejoicing that the land is free, but there is another freedom for which Christ gave his efforts, the freedom of the spirit, the spirit of God. Today we are remembering that peace and right and justice are His attributes. I feel we shall obey His inspirations and make our land really free. On this glorious Easter morning shall we not, one and all, come and hold open the windows of our souls to the light of the Sun of Righteousness? Shall we not consecrate ourselves to that light of God which shall go on brighter and brighter? Let us live the life of His children, the life of Christ the risen Lord, whom we today honor."

As the season drew toward summer, Miss Sanford was in frequent request for baccalaureate addresses, although she did not travel long distances from the state. A passage from a letter to her niece in Smyrna indicates the fulness of her days: "I am home from the bacca-

laureate service where I gave the sermon this morning, and for the first time in weeks I have at least twenty-four hours when I have no speech to prepare. Tomorrow night there is to be a grand rally on the steps of the capitol in St. Paul in honor of the passing of the suffrage bill by Congress. At this time I am expected to speak, but my part will be a few words only." Her sense of humor was gratified on one of these occasions by a remark sent her from a young girl's letter to a friend in which she said, "I hope to see Jeannette tomorrow at the bacchanalian sermon which Maria Sanford is going to preach."

Her homely common sense was as marked as in her younger days. A high school principal in a letter of appreciation for a lecture she had given before his school wrote that the senior class at a meeting held the afternoon after her address for the purpose of choosing a class motto, had ended a long and arduous argument by unanimously adopting a striking sentence from her morning address: "Keep your backbone straight and your head on top of it."

At the opening of the University summer school an unusual experience proved that she did not falter even when a request came for that which was hardest for her to give. A

strange young woman went to her house on the morning when the summer school opened. Miss Sanford's house was a mile from the University, and the young woman appeared at half-past eleven to ask Miss Sanford to lend her twenty-five dollars with which to register before twelve o'clock. The young woman was a stranger in town and had come to the city without money for her fees. There was only half an hour before registration closed. Miss Sanford, when she told the story, said that although it was very unusual for her to have so much money in the house she happened to have that amount and gave it to the girl without knowing whether she should ever see or hear from her again. She was rather annoyed; but she felt that she could not allow anyone to say that Miss Sanford did not practice what she preached—kindness.

At Christmas time this year Miss Sanford was far from well. She told a friend that she was having the "horrors"; cold sweats and an agony of mind not to be described, but so much worse than physical pain that she was in terror at the thought of a recurrence of the attacks. She became very much interested in her friend's explanation of the new psychology and her assurance that the "horrors" could be overcome. She began at once to study the sub-

MARIA SANFORD

ject, resolutely putting her troubles behind her; shortly again she was lecturing.

In the spring of 1919 she had been invited by the St. Anthony Falls Chapter of the D. A. R. to become a member of that chapter, and had accepted the invitation. Before the election in the fall, however, it was found that she was a "real grand-daughter of the Revolution"; and so she was asked instead to become an honorary member of every chapter in the state. She was accepted October 18, 1919, by the board of management of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. At the state midwinter conference in February she gave an apostrophe to the flag. Once before she had given an impromptu address of a similar kind. The spirit of these addresses had so impressed her hearers that she was once again asked to speak on the same subject. This time the speech, expanded into a powerful address, became famous as her true valedictory. Delivered at the heart of the nation, on the subject which had always been with her a passion, it formed a fitting and beautiful close to her long and fruitful life. Early in the spring of 1920 the Minnesota State Regent of the D. A. R. asked Miss Sanford as the guest of the state chapters to attend the national convention in

Washington to be held in April, her expenses to be paid by all the chapters. One chapter gave an additional sum for their honored guest to use for what would give her most pleasure. The proprietor of a large hat shop, herself a stranger to Miss Sanford, asked the honor of making her a new bonnet for the occasion. Cautioned not to make it too modern to be appropriate to Miss Sanford's distinctive style of dressing, she produced a beautiful creation worth on sale thirty dollars, but so modest appearing and so perfectly suited to the wearer that Miss Sanford, as she exhibited it with delight to friends constantly surrounding her during the journey, told them it must have cost as much as ten dollars. The bonnet now reposes among other objects of historic interest in the old Sibley House, at Mendota, Minnesota.

Miss Sanford, at the request of the President-General, was to give her apostrophe to the flag at the opening session of the convention, April 19. In order to save her strength one woman was assigned to guard and watch over her throughout the journey. The special train was filled with former students who could not resist the temptation to visit with their beloved professor, and to shower her with fruit, candy, and flowers. Though she appeared feeble she

showed that she thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the trip.

On reaching Washington she was accompanied to the home of Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, where she had always been welcomed on her visits to that city, and where she rested quietly until the opening session of the convention. On Monday morning she was accompanied to the convention hall and allowed to rest quietly until the time of her address. The prettiest girl among the ushers, a dark southern beauty, was chosen to hold the great silk convention flag as the aged orator addressed it. When the hundreds to whom she was a stranger saw a little, frail old lady come forward to the speaking stand they resigned themselves with hearts of compassion, expecting to hear not a word of the address. As the first words rang upon their ears the great audience was hushed to attention. Not a syllable was lost. At the close of the inspired address women through a mist of tears cheered and cheered. One reporter said never in years of reporting had she known so long a period of uninterrupted applause. Miss Sanford received an ovation such as was given to no one else during the convention.

At noon Miss Sanford left the hall and re-

turned to Senator Nelson's. The next morning she went again to the convention and stayed an hour. The Minnesota delegates that day arranged for a luncheon in her honor at the New Willard. This celebration she enjoyed very much; although, as before, she ate very little. After the luncheon she shook hands with everyone. She showed that she was tired but said that she had enjoyed every minute. As she left the hotel she spoke to the friend who had special charge of her, saying she knew that she had been tended very carefully but that she hadn't been conscious of it. She appreciated the thoughtfulness, and as she departed she kissed her friend on both cheeks.

She left the delegates at two o'clock; that was the last time they saw her. Her friend telephoned in the evening to know if she was comfortable, and learned that she was enjoying a visit from a former negro student. On leaving her hostess for the night she remarked "I bid you good-night on the happiest day of my eighty-three years." She was planning to leave Washington the next morning for her brother's home near Philadelphia, and to go from there to New York where a phonograph record was to be made of her Apostrophe to the Flag; but the

next morning, April 21, they found only her body lying smiling peacefully in her bed.

As it was Miss Sanford's expressed wish that she might be buried wherever she happened to die, there was no thought of a return to Minneapolis. The remains were taken to her brother's home and buried in the family lot in Mount Vernon Cemetery in Philadelphia. The funeral ceremony, in accordance with Miss Sanford's wishes, was of the simplest sort.

Some friends who did not understand Miss Sanford very well felt that she should not have been subjected in her feeble state of health to such a long journey and so much excitement; but people who were nearest to her knew that to her life was action, and that she wished to go on to the end. In fact, although feeble on the journey, she felt so well in spirit that she told the friend who was caring for her that she would love to go to her summer home in the woods of Northern Minnesota. Believing that she would go that summer, she asked how to get there.

At the time of the funeral in Philadelphia on the twenty-fourth of April a tribute was paid at the University of Minnesota by the students and the faculty, who united in five minutes of silent prayer. The faculty of the college of Sci-

ence, Literature and the Arts printed a tribute of appreciation of her work and influence. They recommended that a scholarship in literature be established in her honor and that every graduate of the University be allowed to participate in this tribute to her memory. President Burton of the University of Minnesota in his tribute the day after her death closed with this beautiful thought: "In reality she symbolizes the 'death of death.' As with all truly great persons the path of death has been the path of life."

One writer remarking that it was wholly in keeping with her noble spirit that her last public utterance should have been an apostrophe to the flag, called her

> A grand, sane, towering, seated mother,
> Chair'd in the adamant of time.

Another who felt most deeply concerning her years of struggle suggested that "The best memorial Minnesota could devise for Maria Sanford would be ample provision for a teacher's wage that would insure those who follow her footsteps against the privations she so bravely bore in pursuit of her calling."

One editorial beautifully summarized her character: "Miss Sanford's distinction was that she did ordinary things in an ordinary way

but with an individuality of enthusiasm, of sincerity and self-expression that swept all before it. She was eccentric only in the neglect to do for herself what others do for themselves. Dress to her was to cover nakedness, food was to sustain life, business activities were to advance the cause of well doing, not to exploit personalities. Work was not for pay, but for accomplishment . . . She will be missed the more because she died in an era against the tendencies of which her personality shone as a star in blackest night."

The Minneapolis Teachers' League in their memorial wrote: "In her was the sense of beauty of the Greek, the love of law and order of the Roman, the integrity and fervor of the Puritan, the religious aspiration and devotion of a Christian, whose virtues she exemplified." In the same number of the "League Scrip" appeared the following poem:

Friend she was, revealer of visions—
Calm-browed, star-eyed, gracious and kind,
Mother-wise, rugged, firm in decision,
Freeing, uplifting, inspiring the mind.

Power, unrealized, throbbed at her pleading;
Souls were attuned to ideals again,
Brotherhood, work of the heart and the hand,
Made immortal her creed in the lives of men.

Emma Kennedy Ballentine.

The National School Digest printed the following tribute from Aldena Carlson, a graduate of the University in 1915:

A fragile cup, lip-worn, of priceless ware,
Sweetening with gracious service daily fare;
A band of flawless gold, thin worn with common use;
A costly weft, of lustered, wear toned hues;
A treasured book, in life-long labor wrought,
Offering from open page its store of love and thought.

The editor of the Alumni Weekly later, in commenting upon the numerous tributes from the press, remarked that " . . . One is struck with the prevalence of four recurringly descriptive words: 'dauntless,' 'untiring,' 'loyal,' 'inspiring.' Are they not a characterizing host in themselves—those four words—with the lamp of a life of eighty-three years to read them by?"

Resolutions regarding Miss Sanford were sent from all over the state, from all kinds of clubs: mothers' clubs, women's clubs, hospital clubs, teachers' clubs, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and a host of others. Memorials to Miss Sanford began to be heard of. The newspapers stated that a copy of her apostrophe to the flag would be placed in the Sibley House at Mendota, Minnesota. In memory of

her two scholarships for the Thomassee School in South Carolina were provided by the National Society of the D. A. R. The students of this school were nearly all descendants of Revolutionary heroes.

A memorial service was held in St. Mark's Episcopal church in Minneapolis, Sunday, May 9, at which more than a thousand people were present. The rector of the church, Dr. Freeman, and President Emeritus Cyrus Northrop of the University of Minnesota were the speakers. The service was arranged by the American Overseas Club with the rector of the church. At this service money was contributed for a bronze memorial tablet to be placed in Shevlin Hall the woman's hall on the University campus.

A memorial service was also held in the Como Avenue Congregational church, of which Miss Sanford was a member. The former pastor gave the eulogy here. Another memorial service was held in a church near the Maria Sanford School. At this church the eulogy was pronounced by Professor Emeritus John Corrin Hutchinson, formerly head of the Greek department of the University of Minnesota, a long time colleague and warm friend of Miss Sanford. The opening of this address con-

tained one of the finest tributes: "I suppose the work of the teacher is twofold, to instruct and to educate. To instruct is a comparatively simple matter. Granted the adequate information on any subject and a reasonable modicum of common sense almost anyone can perform that function. To educate is a vastly different matter. One may instruct standing on the threshold; to educate one must enter into the Holy of Holies of personality and only the High Priest can safely and efficiently enter there. The Instructor deals with means and as an instructor looks no further. The Educator considers ends and these ends functions of personality. The Instructor as such is interested mainly in his subject; the interest of the Educator lies primarily in the persons with whom he is concerned and whose harmonious development in all distinctly human attributes is the object of his endeavor. This calls for a true philosophy of life—a just estimate of human values, a balanced ideal of the complex personality; its emotions, its judgments and its volitions. It calls for an understanding of the paradox of the Great Teacher, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

"Dealing with all kinds of dispositions and

tastes and abilities, the successful educator must be possessed of an unfaltering faith in the educability of every normal person who comes to his hand; that is, he must believe in the essential value of the soul as such, to slightly alter Wordsworth's words, he must look upon the soul of man with awe. He must have a confidence that cannot be shaken in the power of goodness and truth and beauty to charm the human spirit and win its adherence; and it will be his most strenuous task to bring those for whom he labors under the spell of a worthy, nay, rather let me say of the worthiest ideal of thought and conduct, that is, of life.

"It goes without saying that such ideal must be before his own spirit clear as the artist's vision, as clear and as compelling; begetting in him an enthusiasm and devotion that no intractability of material can quench, no delay in execution diminish, no imperfection of realization destroy.

"Clear as the artist's vision, yes, and as the prophet's vision, too—the one with its promise of beauty, the other with its promise of righteousness. Manifestly such enthusiasm and such devotion imply a sensitive sympathy which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; no less than a

sternness of love which can in due season rebuke and chasten; but towards all a patient and persistent ministry of unselfish service.

"Have I made the character clear? It must be plain to you that I have been mentioning some of those qualities which were finely illustrated in her whose memory we honor on this occasion. I do not mean to say that she perfectly attained the ideal—not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants—who looked all native to her place and yet—On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere too gross to tread. Her ideals of life were so noble and so clearly revealed by precept and example that multitudes caught her vision and are today endeavoring to translate it into reality."

At the University of Minnesota a tribute was paid on the last convocation of the school year by the entire student body. President Emeritus Folwell, who was president of the University when Miss Sanford came to Minnesota, President Emeritus Cyrus Northrop and President Marion Le Roy Burton, with President-elect Lotus D. Coffman, all participated in this tribute. President Burton presiding announced that the Alumni planned a memorial through the establishment of an extensive course of scholarships. Miss Sanford's favorite hymns,

Jesus, Lover of My Soul and Hark, Hark My Soul, were sung by the students. Prayer was offered by Professor Hutchinson and the address was made by President Emeritus Cyrus Northrop.

President Northrop took for his text a part of the last chapter of Proverbs which describes the ideal woman. The two verses quoted as an introduction he had used in his letter of congratulation on her eightieth birthday: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

He called Miss Sanford a Puritan without any of the bigotry or narrowness of Puritans; and he closed his eulogy by saying: "Useful as her life before retirement was, the last eleven years were more glorious than anything in her previous career. When the war came she pleaded for Red Cross hospitals, Christian Associations, temperance, government loans, suffrage, improvement leagues, Hooverized self-denial, national patriotism and confidence. 'He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows,' was said of the Divine Man, and it may in some measure be said of Miss Sanford, for she carried in her heart the sorrows of univer-

sal humanity. . . . In the morning when they went to her room to call her they found that someone had been there before. The Angel of Death had visited her in the silence of the night and claimed her. . . . Apparently she lay there with placid figure, but in reality it was only her deserted tenement. She was not there, for God had taken her. We shall miss her—never again shall we hear her eloquent voice—never—never—never! The last echo to reach us is her splendid apostrophe to the flag —almost an echo from the spirit world."

A neighborhood paper published in Miss Sanford's home district contained tributes from neighbors, both men and women, and the school children of the district; among them was a poem written by a former student, the wife of a professor in the University.

IN MEMORY OF MARIA L. SANFORD

Silent, forever silent, now that voice
That like rich organ tones so often thrilled;
Quiet, forever quiet, now those hands,
So long with deeds of love and service filled.

Long years ago she prayed that in her age
Life would with autumn glory touch her soul,
That the bright-colored leaves might symbols be
Of her own spirit, resolute and whole.

Faith its own answer wrought—for hearts like hers
The passing years can bring no winter chill,
But only ripened wisdom, golden hoards
Where lesser men may free their coffers fill.

Sturdy as her New England hills she stood,
Nor sought the path that knows not toil and pain;
Fullness of life she craved that from that fount
She might a richer sympathy attain.

Thrice blessed those whose privilege it was
To call her teacher in that former time,
But happy all who from her lips have learned
The dignity of toil, her simple creed sublime.

Lillian Marvin Swenson.

In memory of Miss Sanford a girls' literary club at the Crookston, Minnesota, agricultural station is named the Maria Sanford Club. The young women students of the University of Minnesota formed a Maria Sanford Republican Club which was the pioneer middle western Republican organization among college women. The Como Avenue Congregational church has now a woman's club named after her.

The Women's Shakespeare Club of Minneapolis in June, 1921, presented a beautiful photograph of Miss Sanford to the Minnesota Historical Society, and held appropriate exercises on the occasion of the presentation. A devoted friend of Miss Sanford also presented to the

Maria Sanford School a beautiful photograph to be hung in the school so that the little children who never had the privilege of seeing her might have an idea of her in their minds. This photograph is the one that her University colleagues always considered the best picture of her ever taken.

The Minnesota D. A. R. has planned a ten thousand dollar memorial, the nature of which has not yet been decided. The greatest memorial of all, however, and the one which would please her best, is the quickened and ennobled lives of the thousands who called her blessed.

The apostrophe to the flag, beautifully illuminated by a Minneapolis artist, a former student of Miss Sanford's, was given by the Minnesota State Regent to be placed in the Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, the place in which the address was originally given.

Apostrophe to the Flag

Hail, thou flag of our fathers, flag of the free! With pride and loyalty and love we greet thee, and promise to cherish thee forever. How wonderful has been thy onward progress of conquest through the years; how marvelous the triumph of thy followers over the vicissitudes

of fortune that met thee on their way. Daring men have reverently placed thee on the highest crag of the frozen North, and have as reverently stationed thee on the cloud-swept wastes of the far-off frozen South. They have followed thee in willing service over the wastes of every ocean and into the depths of the impenetrable blue.

Stalwart, strong hearted men have willingly laid down their lives at thy command, to guard the outposts of freedom. Millions of men, women and children have stood at attention listening for the first sound of thy need, willing to give their all, if need be, for thy defense. Thousands upon thousands of our bravest and our best followed thee across the seas for the glorious privilege of defending the weak and the helpless or of reinforcing the hard pressed lives of brave men who would not yield.

Our flag—it has long been known as the emblem of strength and power. The stricken nations of the earth have learned sweeter attributes, kindly sympathy, loving service, generous helpfulness. By these thou art welcome throughout the earth.

Glorious and beautiful flag of our fathers, the Star Spangled Banner, beautiful in thine own waving folds, glorious in the memory of the

brave deeds of those who chose thee for their standard!

More beautiful, more glorious is the great nation which has inherited their land and their flag, if we who claim, who boast our lineage from those heroes gone, if we inherit not alone their name, their blood, their banner, but inherit their nobler part, the spirit that actuated them; their love of liberty, their devotion to justice, their inflexible pursuance of righteousness and truth.

Most beautiful and most glorious shalt thou be as the messenger of such a nation, bearing to the ends of the earth the glad tidings of the joy and the glory and the happiness of a people where freedom is linked with justice, where liberty is restrained by law, and where "peace on earth, good will to men" is the living creed.

Press on, press on, glorious banner, bearing this message to all the peoples:

> "Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears;
> Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee; are all with thee."

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 664 295 6